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Krauthammer: Call Off The Cold War

THE RISE OF BOB DOLE • IN DEFENSE OF TED KENNEDY

THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Absurdity of Nicaragua

By Arturo Cruz Jr.

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The non-issue in Alaska

Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR) has in recent months been much shrouded in controversy. Much of this controversy has centered on whether a relatively small portion of these lands—1.5 million acres along the Beaufort Sea Coastal Plain, out of a total of 19 million acres—should be opened to oil exploration.

One of the latest salvos fired by the anti-development forces came in the form of a letter to an influential newspaper by a spokesman for an environmental group. The letter makes a couple of statements worthy of examination.

First, the writer states that there is "only a 19 percent chance of finding any oil at all in the Arctic refuge." But even at those odds—and taking risks is what the oil business is all about—the coastal plain represents the best hope for a major onshore oil strike in the United States. In fact, within the context of risks the oil industry usually faces in wildcat areas, those odds are actually rather attractive. The coastal plain site is less than 100 miles from the Prudhoe Bay field. If oil is found in the plain, according to Interior Department data, it could represent between 600 million and 9.2 billion barrels. The point is, we'll never know unless we drill.

The letter also argues that if oil is discovered in the Arctic refuge, "we will not be able to extract all of that oil, given current technology." That's got to be the silliest anti-development argument ever raised; all the oil in any field is never fully recovered. Drilling would never occur anywhere if it became conditional on whether 100 percent of the oil could be produced. Moreover, the Interior Department's coastal plain estimates are for recoverable oil. And constant improvements are being made in secondary and tertiary recovery methods; fields are yielding more and more of the oil as technology advances.

Dubious quibbles aside, the basic argument for development remains cogent, simple, and pressing. Any oil found in the coastal plain, or anywhere else in the U.S., would be more than welcome. Oil imports are rising and domestic production is falling. Prudhoe Bay itself, the largest field in the U.S. at 10 billion barrels, has been producing for 10 years. It is currently producing at a peak rate of about 1.5 million barrels a day—about a fifth of U.S. production—but will soon enter its inevitable period of decline. The real issue in Alaska is whether or not America should maximize its economic domestic oil and gas production to reduce the nation's dependence on foreign oil and its negative balance of payments—and do so in an environmentally acceptable manner.

What about the environment? Would it truly be despoiled, as the environmentalists state, if drilling were to take place?

A major issue environmentalists raise concerns Alaskan wildlife. Of all the animal species in the area, Secretary Hodel cited the caribou as the most likely to be affected. But Senator Frank H. Murkowski of Alaska has pointed out that the caribou herd has, in fact, quadrupled at Prudhoe Bay during the oil development years, and since construction of the Alaskan pipeline. Indeed, the caribou herd thrives in the area of the pipeline, in spite of dire warnings to the contrary.

Still, the acreage under discussion does include the calving grounds. Can the caribou adapt? Senator Murkowski has discussed the issue with a university scientist who has been working with caribou herds for many years. His conclusion, according to the Senator: If oil development were to occur near their usual calving grounds, the caribou would simply move a mile or so away.

The controversy over the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge fills us with feelings of déjà vu. The same anti-development arguments were raised in the '60s and '70s, first over drilling at Prudhoe Bay, and later over the construction of the pipeline. We had hoped these questions were settled once and for all; to raise them now is really to raise non-issues.

The energy and economic future of the nation are too important to be sidetracked by non-issues. Oil exploration in Alaska should proceed because the national interest requires it. The arguments against development, when considered against the nation's needs, seem to fall under the weight of both past experience and expert scrutiny.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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FROM WASHINGTON

TREATING TEDDY UNFAIRLIE

(The regular author of TRB is re-evaluating his portfolio. This column is written by TNR *economics correspondent Robert Kuttner.)*

A kind word is due Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts. In a conservative national mood, central casting requires someone to personify the worn-out liberal, full of stale rhetoric and used up ideas. For a decade the role has fallen—unjustly—to Senator Kennedy.

The recent Bork affair epitomized the pattern. Judge Robert Bork was defeated for the same reason he was nominated—his oft-expressed and strongly held views. But Bork's disappointed backers took out their frustration on the tactics of the liberal opposition, personified as usual in the demonization of Ted Kennedy. This then became the occasion for another round of easy sermonizing about Teddy the stale, including the rather sweeping claim that "there is hardly a personal tragedy in the husk that [Kennedy] has so patently become," as Henry Fairlie wrote in TNR ("Hamalot," October 19), "because there was never enough of a nut inside it for even a squirrel to nibble on. . . . Edward Kennedy in 25 years in the Senate has shown no sign of growth."

It's fair to criticize Kennedy's occasional rhetorical flights, but they hardly indict the man's entire career. Certainly, Kennedy can be bombastic—if hyperbole were disqualifying the Senate would never get a quorum—but the "empty husk" description is utterly wrong, as is the picture of Kennedy as knee-jerk. Anyone who has covered the Senate must know that Kennedy has championed a number of issues that cut against the usual liberal grain, most notably economic deregulation. When deregulation was first advanced in the late 1970s, it was Kennedy who offended many traditional liberals by battling to scrap outmoded regulations—of trucking monopolies, airline fares, rail freight, telecommunications, and finance—while also fighting to maintain and expand health, safety, and environmental regulation. This all occurred at a moment when many liberals were not at all sure that they wanted to deregulate anything, and deregulation undoubtedly harmed a number of trade unions whose security was anchored in the old regulatory schemes.

Among other unconventional moves for a supposed knee-jerk liberal, Kennedy has opposed the Gephardt approach to trade protectionism, remaining the most steadfast of free traders. He split with most liberal Democrats to back the first Gramm-Rudman bill, on the grounds that President Reagan had to be made to choose between higher taxes and military spending. Kennedy even supported a presidential item-veto for appropriations, which also raised eyebrows in liberal circles. At the same time, he has remained an advocate of universal health insurance, as well as a genuine expert on the subject. He also remains a defender of the minimum wage, and of the social safety net generally. Ironically, Kennedy's very independence from the stereotypical liberal position on many issues has also made him a frequent press target. While he was still considered a potential presidential candidate, the press lazily interpreted any deviation from liberal orthodoxy as proof of hypocritical ambition to higher office. So Kennedy regularly gets damned both as faithless opportunist and as rigid ideologue.

The charge that Kennedy is a hollow man, dependent on "smart-ass aides," is just plain wrong. It is also a rather incautious conservative allegation, given Reagan. Among his colleagues Kennedy is known as a workhorse. Anyone who has bothered to discuss issues with Kennedy comes away impressed both at the man's grasp of detail and breadth of knowledge. As judiciary chair, Kennedy spent thousands of tedious hours brokering a grand liberal-conservative compromise on reform of the criminal laws, a subject of immense importance with almost no grandstand value. Indeed, the roster of "Kennedy issues" in the 1970s and '80s is a list of difficult policy knots, not easy rhetorical winners. And in the aftermath of the stock market crash, in which liberals and conservatives alike seem able to think of nothing bolder than different

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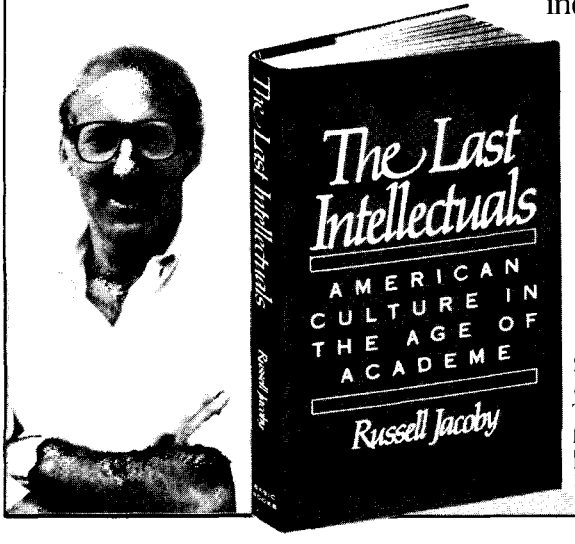

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MIDSIZED COMPANIES AND OUR ECONOMY.

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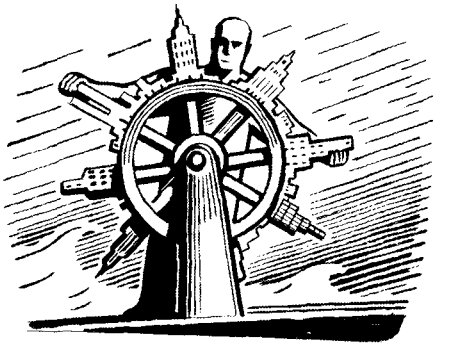

sales and 19 percent of private sector employment in the U.S.

Like the Fortune 100, these companies cut across all industry sectors, from high-technology to basic manufactured goods. But unlike their larger counterparts, these companies were competing and winning in the world marketplace, booking foreign trade and gaining market share at a time when much of America's goods and services were losing out to those of Europe and Asia.

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McKinsey also observed that for midsized growth companies, management was more likely to have a larger ownership stake–as much as 25 times that of the Fortune 100–that there was less bureaucracy and more innovation, and less resistance to change. In short, more entrepreneurial drive.

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CORRESPONDENCE

FAT TONY AND COMPANY

To the editors:

In "The Mafia and the Melting Pot" (October 12), Jacob Weisberg states that the Mafia situation is "not so simple as tough-guy [U.S. Attorney Rudolph] Giuliani winning the war against the 'scumdogs,' as Geraldo Rivera called the Mafiosi on his recent sensationalistic television special, 'The Sons of Scarface.' . . . For many years the Sicilians have been yielding hard-won turf to . . . mobs based in South America and Asia." If Mr. Weisberg considers us sensationalistic, he's entitled to his opinion. But he distorts our broadcast, implying that we simplistically showed only the Sicilian Mafia. The other ethnic groups were the point of our broadcast—they were the "Sons of Scarface."

He writes of an undercover tape in which mob boss "Fat Tony" Salerno complains that an underling has called him Fat Tony to his face, to which fellow boss "Tony Ducks" Corallo suggests "a dose of lead," to use Mr. Weisberg's words. Having covered every day of the Mob Commission trial, I know that Corallo never suggested that dose of lead. If he had, on tape, it would have made the prosecution's job a lot easier. Those of us who produced "Scarface" may be responsible for much of the confusion, since we played part of that conversation on the air as an example of what Mafia dons discuss. In our excerpt, Corallo says, "I've seen the way [the underling] talks. 'Fuck him, shoot him.' " Corallo was not suggesting that the man be shot, he was *quoting* that man. This conversation can be found in the trial transcript from the U.S. Attorney's office in New York.

Mr. Weisberg states that "the old mob never adapted very well to the drug trade," a dangerous misconception that the mob has even hired PR people to promote. He also states, "Tentatively, the twilight of the gangsters is upon us." He does not note that the mob has made far more money in the 1980s than it ever did in the 1920s, even factoring in inflation.

BOB SCHAPIRO
The Geraldo Rivera Specials
New York, New York

DRAFTING TOWARD THE FUTURE

To the editors:

Doug Bandow marshals many strong arguments against reinstating the draft ("Mercenary Morality," October 19) but neglects one other. Many young people beginning a career in science or mathematics are at their most energetic and creative during their late teens and early '20s. To pull a large fraction of them away from their studies and research at that point could be disastrous for them and deleterious for the nation as a whole. At a time when we need to strengthen our civilian research and development efforts, any proposal that works against the recruitment of our best minds into technical areas had better have overwhelming arguments on its side. As Mr. Bandow clearly shows, the draft does not.

PAUL J. WIITA
Marietta, Georgia

To the editors:

Tocqueville warned of the dangerous split between a democracy's professional military and its citizenry. A fair draft not only prevents the military from growing insular, it provides the nation's leadership with a realistic view of soldiering. How many young reporters, MBAs, and legislative aides have military experience? Not many. Tomorrow's leaders may well be at the mercy of a priestly military class they don't like and can't understand. Money can buy, temporarily, a competent army. But only a draft can provide America with the military and social capital it needs to survive.

MARK A. SAUTER
Seattle, Washington

GOEBBELS NON-FICTION

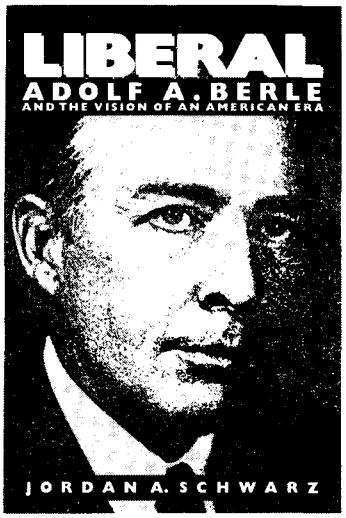
To the editors:

In his review of *Michael* by Joseph Goebbels ("The Nazi in the Rye," October 19), James Joll, before calling attention to the historical importance of *Michael*, chooses to chastise the publisher for issuing the book at all, speculating that doing so was perhaps to "contribute to a neo-Nazi revival." We, as the publishers of *Michael*, are amazed by this aspersion. Following Mr. Joll's logic, why should Viking Penguin, as publisher and promoter of Goebbel's *Diaries*, or Houghton Mifflin, as publisher and pro-

continued on page 41

The "intellectual broker" whose liberal vision helped shape 50 years of U.S. policy.

In a decade of increasing conservatism, the intellectual and moral assumptions of liberalism from the New Deal to the Great Society have been frequently questioned, criticized, and at times, distorted. Now, Jordan A. Schwarz clarifies and revises our understanding with this, the first full-length biography of Adolf A. Berle, Jr.



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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 16, 1987

REAGAN'S 'CORRECTION'

This is, I think, purely a stock market thing. —President Reagan, October 22

He still doesn't get it. Washington has stopped taking Reagan's words seriously. But Wall Street reacted badly to evidence, in his first unscripted public appearance in months, that the president has no understanding at all of our economic dilemma. Echoing some of his more Panglossian defenders, Reagan dismissed the collapse of stock values as "a long-overdue correction." A month ago, of course, there was no talk from the White House of a correction being long overdue. Back then, in what now seems like a previous era, the soaring stock market was proof of the wisdom of Reaganomics.

The tragicomic low point of Reagan's press conference was his dipsy disquisition blaming the federal deficit on "more than half a century" of Democratic domination in Congress. "They have followed, beginning with what they called the Keynesian Theory, deficit spending. . . . I think I'd like to point out that Maynard Keynes didn't even have a degree in economics."

Reagan may reject the theory, but he has embraced the practice with a vengeance. During the six fiscal years he's been in charge, deficits have totaled $1.4 trillion, compared with $999 billion for the previous two centuries.

As usual, Reagan placed the blame elsewhere. "I have repeatedly asked the Congress for less money and they have turned around and given more to spend and done it in such a way that I can't veto it." In fact, Reagan has proposed budgets totaling $3.14 trillion and Congress has given him budgets totaling $3.129 trillion. That's $11 billion less over six years than the administration requested. The shape of those budgets was different: we spent more on social programs and less on defense than Reagan wanted. But total spending has been more or less exactly what he requested. If Congress hadn't passed a large tax increase over the president's bitter objection in 1982, the Reagan deficits would have been even larger.

Yet even as the president inveighs against 50 years of Keynesianism, some of his defenders would apply the alleged lessons of Lord Keynes to the current situation. Pseudo-populists of the right and left (most prominently, presidential candidate Jack Kemp) argue that the deficit scare is Herbert Hooverism. Reducing the deficit now, they say, especially by raising taxes, could cause a depression. FDR took office promising to balance the budget, but wisely did the opposite. What's needed is looser money and lower interest rates. Why, they ask, did the stock market boom during five years of growing deficits and collapse when the deficit went down by a third?

Answer: politicians may wish to believe that federal deficits are coming down, but the market is not so naive. Ostensibly the deficit dropped from $221 billion in fiscal 1986 to $148 billion in fiscal 1987. Of that drop, however, $20 billion reflected a one-time-only bonus from tax reform, mainly people cashing in their capital gains before the rate goes up. Next year the flip side of that coin will *reduce* revenues by $12 billion. Another $15 billion was accounting tricks, such as pushing paydays into next year and selling off government assets, including the right to collect on government loans. Selling off loans to reduce the deficit is like cashing in a CD to pay the Mastercard bill. It helps in the present but makes the future worse.

An honest figure for the 1987 deficit is more like $185 billion. The Congressional Budget Office projected deficits to stay about there for the next two or three years, and that was on pre-crash assumptions about steady growth with low inflation that look unlikely now. With Congress and the president undergoing self-congratulatory heroics to cut a mere $23 billion from next year's deficit, and Reagan advocating more asset and loan sales as preferable to raising taxes, the market is right to be unconsoled.

Hooverism? No. A reduced fiscal stimulus (i.e., smaller deficit) won't lead to a calamitous, self-feeding contraction like the Great Depression because institutions like federal deposit insurance now exist to prevent a rout. However,

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there's no denying that higher taxes and lower government spending will depress economic activity and could cause or aggravate a recession. The problem is that the Reaganite philosophy of borrow and spend, borrow and spend has led us to a situation where the other alternatives are even riskier.

If taxes are dangerous and our current deficits are harmless or even healthy, as the pseudo-populists claim, why stop here? Why not eliminate taxation, borrow it all, and really have a good time? Obviously there's a point at which such behavior becomes self-defeating. Once this is conceded, it becomes hard to maintain that we're not past that point.

Real interest rates (nominal rates minus inflation) have been at record levels throughout the Reagan era, as credit markets have strained to feed the government's borrowing needs. If it weren't for a flood of foreign capital—the flip side of the trade deficit—we long ago would have faced the choice between higher rates still, which would have throttled the recovery, or printing money, which would have reignited inflation. We still face that choice, only in aggravated form from having put it off, because we now owe billions a year in interest on our past debts.

Since the beginning of 1987, foreign private investors have supplied no net new capital. The money has come, under duress, from foreign central banks, which have spent about $80 billion of their own reserves shoring up the value of the dollar. They won't keep this up, especially since we haven't kept our part of the deal by bringing the deficit under control. To keep attracting foreign capital we must either give up and let the dollar sink, which will lower our standard of living through inflation, or raise interest rates, which will lower our standard of living through a recession. This is the classic dilemma of economic policy, which the supply siders claimed to have abolished. But the smaller the deficit, the lower the dose of either medicine

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

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5.	HEY, WAITER!	—	1
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7.	THE COLOR YELLOW	—	1
8.	GREAT WHITE HOPE	6	21
9.	RAZE HIGH THE ROOFBEAM	—	1
10.	BUMS' RUSHES	—	1

1. RUNNING BEAR

Crash. If nobody can agree on why there was a crash, at least everybody agrees on the next question: Will you ever buy a big-ticket item again? The mainstream press found 70 percent of shoppers personally indifferent to the crash, and seemed relieved. But the ad trades found the remaining 30 percent who expected to curtail spending to be pretty significant.

2. TO KNOW NO BOUNDARIES

Global market. Can you spell Nomura yet? Satellites created a single, 24-hour financial market years ago, but the turmoil is a lesson in globalism. The major market in news reports has been Tokyo. As the market story did laps around the world, Tokyo emerged as pivotal, entering mainstream consciousness in a major way.

3. RUBE AT THE TOP

Political entropy. The op-ed vilification of Ronald Reagan is at a probable zenith. Reagan has been dismissed as "irrelevant," "out of touch with reality," "minimally competent." Because expectations are unbelievably low, his press conference helped; that he's not ga-ga becomes important information. Half the public, says *Time*, thinks the issues are beyond his grasp.

4. OCTOBER SURPRISE

Arms control. Gorbachev's refusal to set a summit date was uncharacteristically clumsy; the apparent effort to squeeze Reagan on SDI came across as too clever by half. Ironically, it was the best thing to happen to Reagan all week. By shrugging at Gorbachev, the White House looked better.

5. HEY, WAITER!

Gallows humor. Got your broker's attention? Ask him about the crash jokes. From the Challenger on, sick news jokes have swept the country. Is this just blowing off stress? Mere hostility? Jokes about ego-puncturing events may reflect something more: a switch in outlook. The U.S. has seen itself as a nation of destiny; perhaps it's developing a more limiting tragic sense.

6. TOP GUN

Gulf. The White House and its supporters continue to espouse the view that Iran is "stupid," "crazy," and understands only violence. That our opponents are crazies who will be sobered by superior technology is familiar and self-defeating hubris. Firepower-based numbskullery has served the U.S. horribly since WWII, yet remains a reflex.

7. THE COLOR YELLOW

Xenophobia. Economic pressures breed scapegoating. Anti-Japanese feeling is increasing, from resentment of Japanese factory workers to distrust of Japanese real estate deals. Elites find bad news about Japan titillating: the same story about Japan's anti-Semitic books keeps running. The Japanese know this. When asked whom they expect to fight in their next war, they cite us.

8. GREAT WHITE HOPE

1988. Gore's move to separate himself from the six-pack with a harder foreign policy is potentially important. The Democrats can't cash in on Wall Street's turmoil unless they address their white South problem. Gore's Southernness has seemed nominal until now, but this is a wrinkle that could affect the Super Tuesday equation.

9. RAZE HIGH THE ROOFBEAM

Dedevelopment. The World Bank has promised $1.5 billion to prevent the collapse of basket-case economies. However, the deterioration of national infrastructures in the face of huge—if often inappropriate—aid infusions is a major phenomenon meriting its own neologism. "Dedevelopment" was cited by futurists when they recently chose global economic collapse as their No. 1 concern.

10. BUMS' RUSHES

Movies. There's a flock of upcoming films about money, more or less. *Ironweed*, about a Depression-era 'bo, is at one end, while Oliver (*Platoon*) Stone's *Wall Street*, about greedy brokers, is at the other. Down-and-outers are everywhere: *Barfly*, *Weeds*, and *Orphans*. (There's Tom Wolfe's broker novel too.) These predate the shakeup, but the "coincidence" is noteworthy.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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we have to take. And the longer we delay, the more painful the treatment will have to be.

How should the deficit be cut? At his press conference, Reagan dusted off one of his favorite statistics, to the effect that federal taxation has remained stable for the past couple decades at about 19 percent of gross national product while spending has soared to 23 or 24 percent, and therefore the answer is to cut spending, not raise taxes. These figures are roughly accurate, but need to be parsed. The spending that has increased has been Social Security (from 2.7 percent of GNP in the 1960s to over five percent today) and interest on the debt (from 1.4 percent to 3.4 percent). Other spending, as a share of GNP, has actually declined slightly. The spending Reagan is thinking of when he denounces "spending"—non-interest, non-Social Security, non-defense—has dropped by almost two percent of GNP since he took office.

On the revenue side, general taxes have declined from 15.5 percent of GNP in the 1960s and 13.8 percent in the 1970s to 12.5 percent today. The difference has been made up by the regressive Social Security levy, which has soared from 2.8 percent to 6.4 percent.

When Reagan says he is "putting everything on the table except Social Security," he is essentially saying that he is not serious. Despite the fiction of a trust fund, Social Security is a program that takes money from one group of people and gives it to another group, in amounts far greater than what they put in. At a time when workers' living standards are almost guaranteed to decline, through either recession or inflation, Social Security payments are 100 percent protected against both. The average elderly person is already better off than the average worker. It makes no sense.

Clearly a sensible recovery program should involve serious savings in middle-class entitlement programs such as Social Security, farm price supports, and so on. Further cuts in programs for the poor and in government investments in research, education, and infrastructure would be cruel and probably self-defeating. The market and foreign investors will not be impressed by a growing underclass and a decline in genuine public investment.

A recovery program obviously must also include higher taxes. These should be progressive, hitting the better-off harder. Billions can be raised progressively through further loophole closing, without raising marginal tax rates.

The Reagan era is over. More unsettling than the incumbent's slaphappy indifference is the almost total failure of the presidential contenders for 1988 to indicate they understand the stakes. Only one candidate in either party—Democrat Bruce Babbitt—has had the courage to say forthrightly that taxes need to be raised and entitlements need to be cut. Republican Pete du Pont has taken on farm price supports. Otherwise the field is a vast wasteland of demagoguery, vagueness, and fatuous no-tax pledges. It may be that no one can get elected president who proposes a recovery program adequate to the challenge. But if so, the prize may not be worth having. Who wants to be the president who gives his name to the long era of American decline?

NOTEBOOK

□ LANGUAGE BARRIER:

JFK proposed Cuba attack during crisis

Miami Herald, October 22

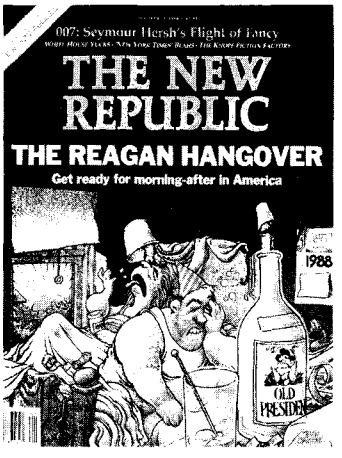
Kennedy resistió presiones en 1962 para atacar a Cuba

("Kennedy resisted pressures to attack Cuba in 1962")
same paper, Spanish edition

(thanks to Gunter Friedlander, Miami Beach, Florida)

□ CORRECTION: "The Bork Screw" by Andrew Sullivan (TNR, October 19) incorrectly accused the National Women's Law Center of asserting, as part of its campaign against the nomination of Robert Bork for the Supreme Court, that Bork had testified in Congress in favor of the Human Life Act, an anti-abortion bill. Bork testified against the bill. In fact, the relevant National Women's Law Center document quoted Bork's testimony (criticizing the *Roe* v. *Wade* abortion decision) as evidence of his lack of sympathy for women's rights, and did not refer to his position on the bill itself. We apologize to the NWLC for this error.

□ WE TOLD YOU SO:



TNR, October 13, 1986

Washington Post, October 27, 1987

And Bush's crash.

THE MARKET FOR DOLE

Fairfield, New Jersey

Not that he'd wished for it, but Senator Bob Dole of Kansas somehow managed to be upbeat about the stock market crash. Five days after Black Monday, he assured New Jersey Republicans at a fund-raising breakfast that the crash "is not going to end the Republican Party. . . . But it creates

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an opportunity, an opportunity to do something about the deficit.... Out of every adversity, there's some opportunity."

The biggest opportunity is Dole's. More than anyone else in the presidential race, Republican or Democrat, Dole is the beneficiary of the market plunge. True, Democrats would ultimately gain the most if the crash leads to a recession and the election of a Democratic president. But that is problematic, and for now the Democratic candidates appear befuddled. In Dole's case, the benefits are immediate and certain. Dole is beautifully "positioned," says his new campaign chairman, Bill Brock. The issue he has harped on for years, the deficit, is now paramount. What he's warned about, large economic trouble, has come about. Better yet, his chief rival for the Republican nomination, George Bush, is suffering. "When it rains on the Reagan parade, it doesn't help Bush much," says Dole. That's putting it mildly, and the crash has done almost as much damage to Reagan as Iranamok did.

BEFORE Black Monday, Dole's positioning left something to be desired. Having crafted the 1982 tax increase and often urged other tax hikes, he was a devil figure to many conservatives. Representative Jack Kemp of New York was (and still may be) prepared to attack the budget Dole pushed through the Senate in 1985 that sharply cut spending, including Social Security cost-of-living hikes. So long as Reaganomics chugged along successfully, Dole's dire warnings about the deficit appealed only to the dwindling band of balanced-budget conservatives in the GOP. "He staked out over a long period of time the traditional Republican position," says Greg Schneiders, a Democratic consultant. "It's in vogue now."

Dole isn't gloating, visibly at any rate, but his supporters are. "He's been vindicated by events," says Representative Marge Roukema of New Jersey. "The supply siders have been totally discredited." Dole agrees that the supply side argument is tarnished. "It's going to be tough to sell that stuff now—that we're going to grow out of the deficit, don't worry about it, that we don't worship at the altar of the balanced budget." Yet Dole can't explain how the deficit might have caused the crash. Asked how he reconciles the fact that a bull market coincided with five years of growing deficits and that the crash came after Gramm-Rudman was reinvigorated and the deficit dipped from $221 billion to $148 billion, Dole says, "I don't know."

He doesn't need to explain it. The political community and the press believe the crash is linked to the deficit, and that's enough. "The American people, correctly or incorrectly, are going to now hear all this stuff about the deficit," says Dole. They'll probably hear from Dole himself. Once Reagan capitulated and said he'd negotiate with Congress on taxes and spending, Dole became the focus of media attention. He pulled off a hat trick of live network appearances on October 25, 26, and 27.

Being interviewed on television isn't the same as being a leader, but it bears a superficial resemblance. For the time being, Dole gets credit for leadership. "He looks like a leader," says Mark Siegel, a member of the Democratic National Committee. "Reagan looks weak, like he's not in charge, and that plays to Dole's strength," says Representative Vin Weber of Minnesota, a Kemp backer. Dole says he would have moved "a little more quickly" than Reagan did after the crash. "A lot of it is perception. A lot of it is moving very quickly to respond." What precisely would Dole have done? He's fuzzy on that but says he wouldn't have shut down the stock market. "That would have been exactly the wrong signal," he says.

DOLE'S TIMING is exquisite. Maybe he's just lucky, but he wasn't fully geared up for a presidential race until October. "You want the spotlight on Bush as long as you can keep it there," says John Sears, a sometime Dole adviser. Bush lurched and stumbled as the world watched. As Dole stood back, Bush got into a bitter fight with Pat Robertson. Dole belatedly put together a campaign organization, luring Labor Secretary Brock as the chief honcho. Brock was initially reluctant to quit the Cabinet before early 1988, but Dole cajoled him. "Brock is the final cog that was missing," says David Keene, a Dole adviser and head of the American Conservative Union.

Dole has other assets. One is his wife, Elizabeth, who quit as transportation secretary. She is the only candidate's spouse well known in her own right and capable of drawing a crowd. Keene says she is popular with "Southerners, yuppies, women, evangelicals. She's good with successful women stockbrokers who are born-again Christians. They're about two of them. But we've got them." Another asset is Dole's stump speech. He's got a new one. Dole has a well-deserved reputation for resisting the advice of campaign aides, but they persuaded him he was bombing with his old speech, which was heavy on tales of Senate dealmaking. The new one "gets off the Senate agenda," says Dole. And it's strong on biographical detail and what Dole refers to as "sensitivity." He says, "I don't particularly like talking about Bob Dole, but I guess people like to know who we are."

The speech, says Keene, is "90 percent of what he needs." Dole is brimming with self-deprecating humor, never before a Dole staple. He tells a poignant story of having to approve welfare payments for his grandparents when he was county attorney in Russell, Kansas. The bottom line in the presidential race, he says, "will be leadership and competence and sensitivity. Some call it compassion, caring. As far as I'm concerned, it's very important." There's little substance in Dole's speech. But he's taken a clever tack toward Reagan and taxes. Since Reagan is down, he praises him. Since everybody knows Dole favors a tax increase, he emphasizes his zeal for spending cuts. "We're going to put a tax on the media because that's all they talk about," he jokes. "Taxes and taxes and taxes. They never talk about spending." This pitch is a twofer, pandering to conservative hatred of the press and yearning to cut federal social programs.

Dole may get along fine without a "vision." His aides

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have offered a substitute to outlining what he'd do as president. He would stick with his current stump speech and simply throw in the word "vision" from time to time. That will suffice, if Bush continues to crumble. Bush is caught in the classic vice president's dilemma. Even after Reagan agreed to confer with Congress on the deficit, Bush insisted he opposes any tax increase. But what if Reagan accedes to one? Dole thinks Bush would have to go along, looking weak in the process.

Bush's problem is that he has styled himself as Reagan's true heir. But with the bloom fading from Reagan and Reaganomics, the heir's role isn't very attractive. Besides, Bush continues to display a tin ear, drawing ridicule when he explained away his loss in a straw vote by saying his supporters were at debutante balls or playing golf. Even before the crash, Bush faced trouble in the early caucuses and primaries. Robertson is poised to defeat him in Michigan on January 30. Dole says Bush may finish as far back as third in Iowa on February 8. "The question now is can Bush hold on?" says Dole.

Bush's fade is an opportunity for Kemp, who long ago stopped trying to be Reagan's heir. And while Kemp suffers as Reaganomics falters—Kemp was an architect of it, after all—he and not Bush is the strongest counter to Dole on the subject. The crash, says Sears, "raises the set of issues Dole and Kemp are likely to disagree on"—taxes, the deficit, Social Security, etc. Kemp considered declaring his opposition to any budget talks between Reagan and Congress but was dissuaded on the grounds that it would be bad politics. His tack is to call for a different agenda for the talks. Instead of fretting over the deficit and a tax increase, the negotiators should talk up monetary policy, consider cutting the tax rate on capital gains, and kill off the trade bill. Kemp can argue this line forcefully. To emerge as a serious challenger to Dole, he'll need to.

FRED BARNES

The Teamsters and the AFL-CIO.

MOBBED

THE OLD AFL had an Ethical Practices Committee. Once John L. Lewis asked, "Have you found any?"

Last week the AFL-CIO voted to readmit the Teamsters. It had a certain logic. Men like Ed Hanley, president of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, could say, "The Teamsters are no more corrupt than my union." Not true, yet, but his union is catching up.

Another union president said: "We seem to get painted with the same brush." So why not readmit? If people think you hang out with hoods, you might as well get the benefits.

Indeed, many people think the mob has a big role in labor. By the same logic, maybe the mob too should be formally admitted. The mob, like the Teamsters, could pay a lot of dues. And it has skill, surely, in settling jurisdictional disputes.

Those were the two cited reasons for readmitting the Teamsters: to collect more dues and settle jurisdictional disputes. But readmission will not stop the Teamsters from raiding other unions. With memberships falling, even the "good" unions are poaching on each other's jurisdictions. Look at AFSCME, once the "sole" public employees union. Now the Steelworkers, Auto Workers, and others are organizing lawyers and government clerks.

So readmission will not do much good. On the other hand, it will tarnish the whole labor movement. It is a disgrace to Lane Kirkland, the George Bush of organized labor. Kirkland is not much of a labor leader. He is more like an executor of an estate: a fitting role, these days, with the labor movement almost in probate. At headquarters, some say Kirkland spends half his day at the CIA, still fighting the cold war. Perhaps it was foreign policy that led to the readmission of the Teamsters. If you like the *contras*, you'll love Jackie Presser.

Kirkland would like to be a man of principle. He could not have been proud readmitting the Teamsters, but people such as Bob Georgine, president of the AFL-CIO's building and construction trade department, gave him no choice. It was an offer he could not refuse.

The shocking part about the readmission was the unanimous vote. It shows that on the Executive Council there are no lone voices any more. Walter Reuther is dead, Doug Fraser has retired. There is not even a Jerry Wurf around. Nothing much but hacks, bureaucrats, and a few nascent yuppies. No one is left to plead labor's cause: not to make peace with the corruption of the business culture, but go to war against it.

I am a labor lawyer, and I resent what the council has done. It makes us all look like goons. The rank and file, I like to hope, would never have approved this. Union members, like other Americans, do not like to throw in with felons. Only hacks, unelected hacks, could stomach this kind of thing.

Organized crime is an old problem in labor. It would be easy to hold your nose and just blame it on hacks like Kirkland. But the whole federal government, especially the Congress, has acquiesced in the problem for years.

True, there are a few zealots in the Justice Department who now want to put the Teamsters in trusteeship. But the department's RICO suit is novel, cumbersome, and less likely to happen. Presser now has, in his corner, the Lane Kirkland crowd. And already, among presidential candidates, Jesse Jackson, Pat Robertson, and Jack Kemp have lined up to denounce the suit. Can George Bush be far behind?

Forget the suit. Congress, in one day's work, could wipe out organized crime in labor. Just require unions to have democratic rank-and-file elections for the top union offices. Let neutral agencies count the vote. Stop delegate conventions brokered by the mob.

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Of course, it would never happen. The right does not want it (it would radicalize labor). The left does not want it (it would threaten the labor establishment). So Congress will never act. There is no constituency for it. Just let the mob, in the Teamsters, go on brokering the conventions. Better that, better anything, than the disaster of rank-and-file democracy.

THOMAS GEOGHEGAN

Thomas Geoghegan is a lawyer in Chicago.

POSTCARD ZIMBABWE

NAIPAULIA

MY TEETH ARE so bad that one look at my mouth and the dentist orders a new BMW. I felt the kind of molar twinge that signals really bad trouble one day getting on the plane out of Nairobi and thought (*a*) "Thank God I'm going to Zimbabwe"; (*b*) "Any more pain and I'm off to the British Airways counter pronto"; and (*c*) "I feel no guilt over (*a*) or (*b*)." That's when I knew I'd got a bad dose of naipaulia.

That is the condition of dyspeptic gloom, synonymous with the works of the Naipaul brothers V. S. and Shiva, that descends on those wandering in the developing world. I read and reread Shiva's book *North of South*—an account of six months in Africa—while traveling. It is marvelous and chilling, but does little for one's temper.

The annoying thing, of course, is how easily the most levelheaded liberal (me) gets naipauled. Within ten minutes at the Nairobi airport I had ten dollars stolen by a customs official, was dragged out of the passport line so that my camera could be fingered, was then marched ostentatiously to the front of the line, and hence was moaned at by a shifty south Londoner who told me that I was the kind of person who gave whites a bad name. I went into a hopeless, utterly internalized rage.

Of the legacies that Britain's ex-colonies have in common, a courteous and efficient officialdom is not one. Kenya's is lousy, Zimbabwe's wonderful. Not even cricket is popular everywhere. Horse racing hovers near the top of the list. From Hong Kong to Harare, the Commonwealth will do anything for a punt. I have watched a solar-toupeed Brit organize horse racing on the beach at Nevis while reggae blared from six-foot sound systems. Anxious to see how traditions were faring in Kenya, on arrival at Nairobi I naturally made for the Ngong racecourse, where the Sunday meeting was no less naturally sponsored by British Airways. As usual, expats and locals were united in a passion for the turf.

What explains this? I doubt that it has anything to do with the kind of man who went to the colonies, though some, in Kenya especially, were no doubt escaping the bookies back home. The deeper reason must be that horse racing is a useful visual aid to the lessons that the colonists wished to instill. It is the easiest thing in the world to cheat at the races, but if you do, so will everyone else. So to have any fun at all, it is better to be honest, as—at the races if nowhere else—I found the Kenyans to be. The Indian bookie to whom I took my business paid out on a horse despite the fact that (as we both knew) I owed him five shillings from the race before. I then paid him back.

FIVE DAYS LATER, at a cocktail party in Harare, I fell in with the secretary of the Mashonaland Turf Club, who had come to Southern Rhodesia (as it then was) after failing as an accountant. Now there's a hint of how different from each other African countries are. In Kenya (I also read James Fox's *White Mischief*, the soon-to-be-filmed tale of the murder of Lord Erroll in 1941) the settlers arrived because they'd failed to marry enough money to get the Gainsborough out of pawn, or had horsewhipped a peasant, or some such thing. This, they say, is why white Kenyans were so snooty about Ian Smith and his gang.

My man from the Turf Club had arrived in the 1950s, which was when, I decided, most of the whites must have left home. White Zimbabwe lives on beer and tea, just as Britain used to; if you ask for coffee, at the most sophisticated house, you are given Maxwell House instant. Even in south London this is no longer considered polite.

I had been well prepared for most things in Harare except for its stunning beauty. I was there during jacaranda time, so the streets and parks were bathed in a delicate purple. In the country outside, jacaranda, hibiscus, and bougainvillea counterpointed a soft landscape draped in the grays of msasa and gum trees.

While picnicking in this idyll, or after the tennis and swimming that white Zimbabweans enjoy, I asked my hosts what they thought of their country. Attitudes among whites seem to range from amazement that the black government had treated them so well to whining about declining standards of city government—though Harare is spotlessly clean, its roads smooth and well kept. White and black businessmen alike seem to feel that the country is heading for a critical economic moment. Since independence in 1980, it has managed to combine Marxist rhetoric with a thriving (and still white-dominated) private sector. But the amount of foreign exchange now dedicated to inefficient *parastatals* and to defense (perhaps 6,000 Zimbabwean troops are in Mozambique, where they are fighting the Renamo guerrillas—themselves originally a creation of the Smith regime) has led to shortages of necessary goods such as repair patches for tires. If Zimbabwe is to realize its tremendous economic potential, something has to give.

It is not the only African country where change is in the air, and where African socialism seems to be in crisis. In Mozambique itself the government has been forced to liberalize somewhat its inefficient, centrally controlled economy. And in both Kenya and Zimbabwe there is in-

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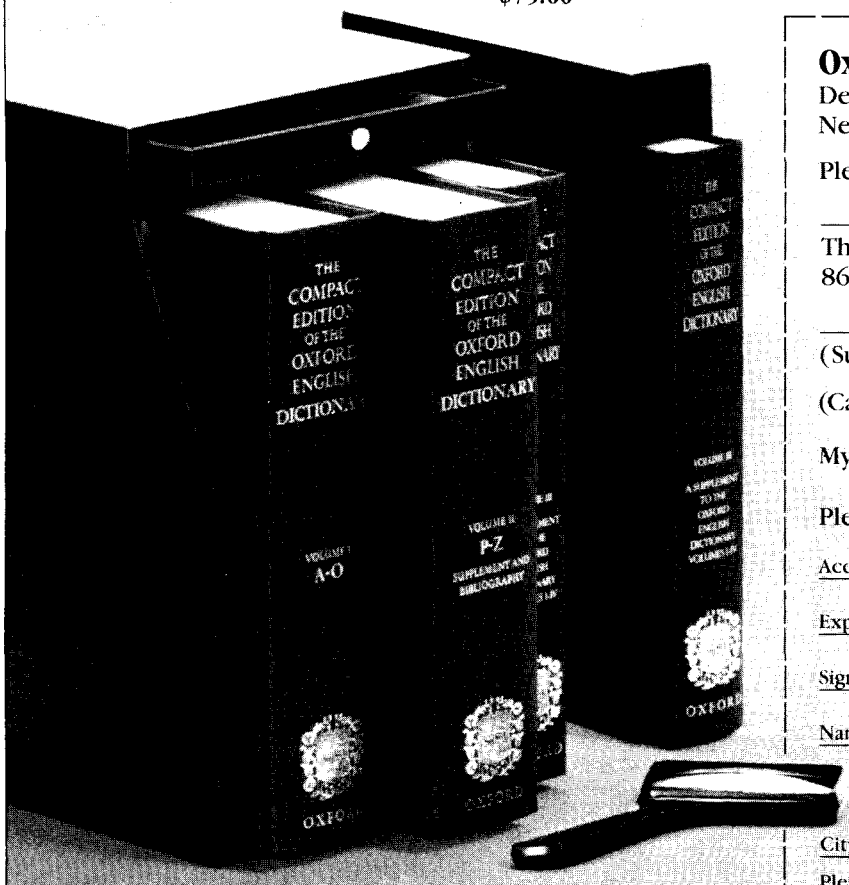

*The Christian Science Monitor

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tense interest in policy in Tanzania. If Julius Nyerere gives up his party chairmanship, the expectation in the region is that President Ali Mwinyi will let Tanzania's already partly liberalized economy rip. Lonrho, the British multinational, is already reinvesting there; so is the Aga Khan's foundation (an important bellwether of confidence in East Africa). Large, fertile, mineral-rich, and with a population growing at a slower pace than Kenya's, there are some who now maintain that Tanzania is a sleeping giant, about to wake up.

The new mood in the region was expressed most bluntly by the only open racist I met in Zimbabwe (he lived in London). "The Chinese and the Russians failed to stop capitalism," he said, "and they were a lot cleverer than the kaffirs." The joker in the pack remains South Africa. Among white Zimbabweans especially there is a terrible ambivalence toward "South." On the one hand, they think that, as a banker said to me, "this country would still be Rhodesia if the South Africans had not let us down." On the other, they grudgingly both fear and admire a South African policy apparently designed to keep all the countries to its north in a state of instability. This South Africa does by sponsoring Renamo in Mozambique, UNITA in Angola, and perhaps even—as some Zimbabweans believe—the dissidents still murdering their way through Zimbabwe's western province of Matabeleland.

This policy forces black governments to spend more money than they can afford on security, and less time than they should on restructuring their economies. The great paradox, say some businessmen, is that a ring of successful economies to the north of South Africa, all open to foreign investment, would be just the way to attract business away from the apartheid state. This quintessentially capitalist notion is not yet one that has made much headway, but it may, one day. Naipaulia is there, all right, but so is the capacity of Africa to take the visitor pleasantly by surprise. My biggest money-winner at the Ngong races was a horse owned by the estate of Diana, Lady Delamere, the woman at the very epicenter of the Erroll case. I enjoyed that.

MICHAEL ELLIOTT

Michael Elliott is the industrial editor of the *Economist*.

Democrats dither.

WHILE HAITI BURNS

I WAS ALREADY LATE for my interview with a Haitian presidential contender and still I could not find his office. Frantically walking up and down a busy Port-au-Prince street, I kept asking pedestrians if they could direct me to the headquarters of Leslie Manigat. Unfortunately, no one knew where it was. In fact, no one knew who Leslie Manigat was. "What type of work does he do?" one person inquired.

In November Haiti is scheduled to hold its first election in 30 years—a key step in its transition to democracy. Yet there I was on the doorstep of a leading candidate's headquarters and no one could even identify him. Manigat's case is hardly unique. It points up the tremendous obstacles facing Haiti and the naïveté of American views about democracy in the Third World.

Manigat belongs to that fabled political terrain known in Washington as the "democratic center." The term, championed by the Reagan administration, has gained great currency among Democrats and Republicans alike. It has a nice, moderate ring to it, especially when joined to its usual companion, "between the extremes of left and right." "Democratic center" conjures up images of earnest candidates, ties loosened, whistle-stopping to enthusiastic rallies as Marxist guerrillas and right-wing death squads look on. The concept first came into vogue in the early 1980s, when the Reagan administration helped engineer the election of Salvadoran president José Napoleón Duarte. Since then Washington has sighted democratic centers in many other countries, extolling their leaders as latter-day Jeffersons and Madisons. Unfortunately, the democratic center is often a political pipe dream.

HAITI IS the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere. During 29 years of Duvalierist rule, a tiny elite grew fabulously rich while the peasant masses remained mired in 17th-century poverty. In the countryside, the per capita annual income came to an appalling $150. Every year thousands of peasants, unable to scratch a living from the land, streamed into Port-au-Prince. There they packed into wretched shantytowns, called *bidonvilles*, where hunger was a way of life. Finally, with the overthrow of Baby Doc in February 1986, the country looked to get back on its feet.

Enter the National Democratic Institute for International Affairs. NDI is an arm of the Democratic Party. Since its founding four years ago, the institution has quietly established itself as the Democrats' principal vehicle for dealing with the Third World. It is chaired by Walter Mondale and funded almost entirely by taxpayers through the National Endowment for Democracy. According to NDI's charter, the institute seeks "to strengthen democratic institutions and pluralistic values in new and emerging democracies." It has been active in nearly 30 countries around the world. Haiti is among the most important. "We view Haiti as a critical test of what we do," says an institute official. "It is *the* challenge."

Throughout, the institute has concentrated on a select group of Haitians. At its first workshop in August 1986, the 17 Haitians who attended included a few human rights types, but most represented centrist political organizations with a distinctly pro-American cast. As NDI's conference report put it, "Only leaders representing the democratic center in Haiti were present."

The workshop itself had some bizarre aspects. It was

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held not in Haiti but in Puerto Rico, at a swank beachfront Hyatt with a massive, lagoon-shaped pool. The theme was as grand as the setting: "Institution-Building in a Transitional Democracy." The Haitians in attendance were outnumbered by instructors and staff—21 people in all, flown in from the United States, Latin America, and even Africa to offer guidance on the ABCs of democracy. The Haitians listened as party officials from Costa Rica plugged their election laws and politicians from Senegal analyzed recent trends in West Africa. Representative Sam Gejdenson discussed the challenge of representing Groton and Norwich, Connecticut. Democratic Party consultants, fresh from the political front lines in the United States, lectured on buying media time, placing print ads, organizing direct-mail campaigns, and setting up phone banks.

It's unclear what the Haitians made of all this. After all, few Haitians have phones, and mass mailings seem slightly out of place in a country where three-quarters of the population can't read. A deluxe Hyatt hardly seems the ideal setting for a conference on one of the world's ten poorest countries. But NDI was pleased. As its report stated, "A number of Haitian leaders commented that they had participated in a truly historic event. . . . All participants—Haitian and non-Haitian alike—left the workshop with a deep sense of confidence and optimism that in the coming months democracy will take hold and flourish in Haiti."

AT FIRST, events seemed to bear out NDI's optimism. On returning to Haiti, the members of the democratic center jointly called for the creation of an independent electoral commission to ensure a free and fair vote. Eventually such a commission was set up, and NDI proceeded to school it in the nuts and bolts of electioneering. The institute busied itself with such matters as voter registration, the location of polling booths, even the best finger-dipping ink for preventing multiple voting.

As the months passed, however, Haiti came unraveled. The ruling military junta, called the Conseil National du Gouvernement (CNG), assiduously resisted all demands for change, and the Tontons Macoutes, Duvalier's dreaded security force, were making a comeback. As it became apparent that Baby Doc's departure counted for very little, the country's mood turned dark. Workers began demanding higher wages and peasants began agitating for more land. In the *bidonvilles*, restive youth, hardened by their frustrated expectations, prepared for combat. By the summer of 1987 Haiti was ready to blow.

The explosion came on the eve of NDI's second annual workshop, scheduled for June 23, 1987. The Haitian army occupied the headquarters of a radical labor union and declared it dissolved. The CNG simultaneously announced that it was usurping the powers of the independent electoral commission, thereby deflating hopes for an honest election.

The turn of events presented NDI with a tough dilemma. The institute had booked space for its workshop at a beach resort up the coast from Port-au-Prince. But NDI, recognizing the gravity of the situation, wanted to be closer to the capital. Luckily, there was room at the Villa Créole, a luxurious hotel located in Pétionville, playground to Haiti's elite. There, perched on a hill above the city, the institute plowed ahead with its League-of-Women-Voters get-out-the-vote-style program.

Meanwhile, down the hill, Port-au-Prince was beginning to look like Beirut. Over the next few weeks a series of general strikes brought the capital to a halt, and barricades of burning tires filled downtown streets with clouds of acrid smoke. Furious, the Haitian army counterattacked, recklessly firing into crowds of demonstrators and mounting bloody raids on the *bidonvilles*. In all, at least 30 people were killed and more than 100 wounded.

As for the democratic center, it was discovering that campaigning in Haiti is not quite the same as shaking hands in Iowa or barnstorming through New Hampshire. Consider the case of Louis-Eugène Athis, the leader of a small social-democratic party and a frequent participant in NDI events. Taking to heart NDI admonitions about constituency-building, Athis and two aides decided in August to hold a rally in a southern village. About 150 peasants turned out. In the middle of Athis's speech, however, some right-wing agitators suddenly accused him of being a communist. Thus incited, the peasants began throwing stones at Athis and his aides, then set upon them with machetes; in a flash, all three were hacked to death. The peasants poured gasoline on the bodies and incinerated them.

Then there's Bernard Sansaricq. While attending NDI seminars on fund-raising and advertising, Sansaricq was simultaneously stockpiling weapons for an attempted seizure of power. The plot was eventually uncovered by government troops, and a shoot-out ensued. Sansaricq managed to flee into the countryside, where sympathetic peasants helped conceal his whereabouts. The army then went on a rampage, beating, arresting, and shooting anyone suspected of helping this upstanding member of the democratic center.

Other candidates wrestled with a problem of a different order—obscurity. Most of Haiti's democratic centrists are tired technocrats—advanced in years, dry of manner, colorless on the campaign trail. As a result, none has exactly set the country on fire. One center-right candidate, Marc Bazin, a loyal employee of the World Bank for many years, has been derisively dubbed the "American Candidate." Despite Haiti's torrid climate, he likes to campaign in dark suit and tie, making him look like a brother from another planet. (Recently, Bazin changed to more informal attire, on the advice of an American consultant he met through NDI.)

FOR A SENSE of how the election was being viewed from below, I paid a visit to La Saline, one of Port-au-Prince's most notorious *bidonvilles*. I was introduced to a local potentate named Boom-Boom, a powerfully built man who made his reputation after Duvalier's fall by leading attacks on the homes of Tontons Macoutes. Now,

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sitting on benches with 20 of his followers, I asked him about the presidential campaign. "We don't believe in the election." "Only Tontons Macoutes are going to be in it." I mentioned Leslie Manigat. "He's not going to be president," he hissed. "We're going to blow his ass." What about Marc Bazin? "A Macoute," he spat, adding, "None of those people ever come here." Gesturing at the squalor around him, Boom-Boom declared, "Duvalier has gone but nothing has changed. Too many people are begging. People sleep in the street. We want to change this patch—make it clean." If the system doesn't change things, he said, "We'll change them ourselves."

Boom-Boom's comments reflect what one generally hears in the *bidonvilles* these days—indeed, in the country as a whole. Haitians have become radicalized. The more the military attempts to bolster the status quo, the more Haitians are demanding drastic change. Not that they are turning to Marx or Lenin. Haiti's Communist Party, though vocal, remains small. Rather, Haitians are flocking to the hundreds of grass-roots organizations that have sprung up throughout the country—labor unions, youth brigades, peasant associations, self-help groups. Especially important has been the Catholic Church, whose liberation theology wing grows stronger by the day. Its leader, an outspoken young priest named Jean-Bertrand Aristide, has recently emerged as a sort of prophet to Haiti's poor.

Aristide has not attended NDI's workshops. Nor have most other populist leaders. They do not feel particularly comfortable hanging out at the Villa Créole. To appeal to this group, NDI would have to make some radical alterations in its workshop program. Here are some suggested topics:

- Land for the Peasants: Carving Up the Countryside
- Slums and Villages: Mobilizing the Masses
- Rooting Out the Macoutes
- General Strikes—When and How
- Taxation—How To Soak the Rich
- Making Liberation Theology Work for You
- Taking on the World Bank and IMF

NDI has made some worthwhile contributions to the Haitian political scene. Its conferences have provided Haitian politicians a forum for exchanging views, and its advice on the mechanics of voting has been of considerable value to Haiti's electoral commission. If Haiti does succeed in pulling off its election—as all but the army and hardcore Duvalierists are hoping it can—NDI will deserve some of the credit.

UNFORTUNATELY, that seems an increasingly dubious proposition, especially after the recent killing of another presidential candidate. Yves Volel was gunned down on October 13 while giving a speech in front of police headquarters in Port-au-Prince. The brazenness of the attack—Volel was speaking in broad daylight in the heart of town—shows just how bloody Haitian politics has become.

It also underlines the futility of NDI's good-government approach. With two candidates dead and violence mounting, Haiti needs a lot more than an election. Only after a thorough cleansing of the old order and fundamental social and economic change can the country hope to experience anything resembling real democracy. Land reform, jobs programs, massive literacy and health campaigns, a more equitable distribution of wealth—these should be the top priorities in Haiti today. Instead, NDI contents itself with campaign spending limits, indelible ink, and a mythical democratic center. In doing so, the institute has taken its cue from the Reagan administration, whose policy in Haiti consists of emphasizing elections at the expense of everything else. NDI's work in Haiti shows the extent to which Republican notions about the Third World have captured the Democratic mind.

MICHAEL MASSING

Michael Massing, a New York writer, visited Haiti in August.

The Army's revival.

BACK TO THE FRONT

Berger-Belsen

Thirty-five thousand American troops, the largest number to move from the United States to Europe since D-day, are returning home from tank and helicopter maneuvers in north Germany. "Certain Strike," the biggest NATO war game ever, brought some surprisingly good news. The Army, which has by no means received the lion's share of the massive Reagan military buildup, is in good shape. Its personnel and equipment show marked improvement.

Gone are the days of the late 1970s when a major feature of NATO exercises was broken-down American tanks with lackadaisical soldiers sprawled beside them sneaking a joint. Now the 2nd Armored Tank Battalion I watched—and "fought" with—had all its new M-1 tanks still in operation at the end of the first week. The tanks maneuvered correctly, were usually well spaced, using the ground to hide and advance, avoiding both their theoretical enemies and the unharvested crops of local farmers. The tankers tell me that the M-1 tanks, the Abrams, now run better and are easier to maintain than the M-60s they replaced. This year the U.S. forces won the Canadian Cup, the annual competition to determine the best-shooting tank platoon in Europe. Last year they tied. In the lean years of the mid-'70s to the early '80s, the United States finished last or next to last.

Some of the new equipment is quite impressive, particularly the new electronic intelligence equipment. Four years ago there could be no doubt that the Russians controlled the electronic battlefield. Two years ago some new systems were arriving; but they were hard to operate and fix and

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were viewed as exotic artifacts rather than useful parts of combat. This year new, highly sophisticated electronic black boxes arrived, about the size of several 18-inch TV sets hooked together, helicopter- and jeep-borne, able to probe for the enemy. This equipment could eavesdrop, locate a target, or jam, with a few simple adjustments. Helicopter-borne radar watched the battlefield by day, infrared watched by night. And the new equipment kept working. To handle these new riches the Army deployed the largest combat intelligence forces ever, including World War II.

And most of the commanders, now more knowledgeable, fully exploited the new intelligence strengths. The little orange symbols representing "enemy" units on the headquarters wall maps were numerous and accurate. At the same time blue force electronic jamming had hidden the 2nd Armored from its orange enemy.

CERTAIN STRIKE also showed on the ground the real-world meaning of statistical studies on increasing troop proficiency. The Army is proud of the intelligence of its new recruits and junior sergeants. Over 95 percent of them are high school graduates, some even have several years of college. But they also point out that this has created a new problem, not as pressing as the old problems of discipline, but still unsettling. The new, younger soldiers and junior sergeants are much brighter and more highly motivated than the senior sergeants who were recruited into the service back in the '70s. Corporals and junior sergeants average over 55 points on the Army Qualification tests, the more senior sergeants 47 points, leaving an acute generational problem. How does one retain the juniors in the service? And what does one do about the loyal but limited seniors?

These statistics take on a tangible meaning in action. That weapons become less efficient and more expensive because of the now-feast now-famine cycles in which we fund our armed forces is relatively common knowledge. But the same cycle also debilitates personnel. At the forward headquarters of the 1st Cavalry, I watched the battle staff prepare a six-helicopter attack behind the enemy lines to seize a bridge. Then with the attack set I jumped into my "tactical Mercedes" (a military vehicle free to travel in the maneuver area courtesy of a bumper sticker from an anonymous source) and raced across blue lines to the orange (enemy) side to see if the attack came off as planned. On time, well-spaced, and hugging the tree line, the six helicopters arrived. There were two possible fields. They correctly picked the harvested one. The troops were out of the helicopters, charging into firing positions, and the choppers airborne again in 42 seconds, good time even "for real" in Vietnam. But then as they disappeared into the trees at the river's edge the master sergeant in command of the point patrol read his map incorrectly. Followed by his protesting junior NCOs he lead the patrol rapidly in the wrong direction.

But the action also signaled some good news. Take the apparently minor point that the lead helicopter selected the field that would do the least damage to the farmer's crops. As late as two years ago one of the helicopters I flew in was having a great time "beating up" herds of cows to see them on the run. Earlier on this maneuver, however, I heard over a helicopter intercom the co-pilot warn his pilot, "Break left, break left, there's a herd of cows there," and we pitched left to let the cows graze in peace. And both times the pilots were acting as good neighbors on their own, with no senior officer in sight.

Such improvements have led to a new welcome for American troops in Germany. This is particularly important in 1987, when in certain political quarters the INF agreement has raised fears that the U.S. resolve to defend Europe may be weakening. No longer are farmers waving pitchforks at American tanks that have driven over their sugar beets, nor the women rushing indoors when American soldiers drive through their small towns. The hostility of the local population seemed reserved for the Belgians.

BUT DEEP problems remain. As with its sister services, the Army, like some freakish prehistoric monster, suffers from hugely overdeveloped hindquarters. Corps headquarters have grown to three to four acres of enormous trucks, vans, and trailers parked hub to hub, pretending they are camouflaged because a few wisps of green netting have been hoisted over them. Behind most trucks great generators blast an infrared signature into the sky; and powerful radio transmitters scream "notice me, notice me" to searching electronic ears. These headquarters employ hundreds of senior and non-commissioned officers in the endless coordination tri-service warfare requires. They serve on committees that waste the talents of the able, dull the edge of the keen, and shackle the aggressive to mounds of paper.

Instead of using the computer's ability to shrink headquarters' size—or perhaps eliminate a layer of headquarters altogether—the computer is used to produce ever more paper and streams of forms. In any major war these lavish headquarters will be found and destroyed within 24 hours. In a minor war they are too big to transport to the scene of the action. It took two days to move the Third Corps main headquarters less than 100 miles. A happy entrepreneur from Bermuda has become a millionaire several times over merely by removing the excrement produced by these headquarters during their mock battles.

On Certain Strike the coordination between Army and Air Force was not as effective as it was two years previously. "I've got planes sitting on the ground and no one is using them," complained the British maneuver commander, Gen. Sir Martin Farndale, to the Third Corps commander. But I had been standing beside Air Force air-ground liaison officers in the maneuver area who were frantically pleading into their radios for planes that never came.

One giant backward step should also be recorded. There had always been an unwritten hope that if desperate battle broke out along the inner German border, U.S. Naval air could arrive in a short time to help out. Unfortunately, starting in the early '80s, the refueling systems on Navy fighters have been changed so they can no longer be refu-

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eled by Air Force tanker aircraft, only by Navy tanker aircraft. In effect this locks the new Naval air squadrons created by the massive funding given the Navy under President Reagan and Secretary John Lehman into purely Naval roles. The ability of Army commando helicopters to fly off Navy ships has brought a measure of victory over mines in the Persian Gulf. The new inability of the Navy to support the land battle in East Germany sends a different message.

But the new face of the personnel is perhaps the Army's most significant change. Owing to the declining birthrates of the early '60s, the number of recruits available to enter the armed services has already started to shrink. Roughly 29,462,000 will be available in the 1980s vs. only 25,148,000 projected for the 1990s. This has had one major effect: since 1972 the number of women has risen, and they have grown from 1.6 percent of the armed services to ten percent today. Yet by law—the 1948 combat exclusion act—the armed forces cannot use women in positions of combat. In response, the armed services, particularly the Army and Air Force, are simply dissembling about whether they have women in combat positions. They are doing this because Congress has sent a clear message that it wishes this issue to be fudged. Today the armed services cannot run on the present volunteer basis without women in combat positions.

To be accurate, we do not have a "volunteer" armed force anyway. We have a "recruited" armed force, an important distinction. While a few still walk in off the street, most service men and women have been sought out by recruiters and then join up for monetary and educational rewards. This is what lies behind the improved intelligence test scores. The women entering the armed services decisively outscore the men on intelligence tests. For example, of the women entering in the Army in 1983, 44 percent scored in the top two categories in the entrance test, compared with 35 percent of the men. And 18 percent of the women had some college, compared with eight percent of the men. In the CEWI (Combat Electronic Warfare and Intelligence) battalion I visited, over 20 percent of the officers were female, as were an equally high proportion of the enlisted ranks. And, according to their commanding officer, the number climbs each month. Today, because of their location in key combat jobs, in proportion to their numbers, more females than males probably will die in the opening moments of a serious conflict, bringing about some interesting political and military consequences. What, for example, would have been the public reaction if a large number of those killed in Beirut had been women? What would have been the American reaction if there had been several women among the pilots being tortured in the Hanoi Hilton? Bring the women back to the rear?

ARTHUR T. HADLEY

Arthur T. Hadley is the author of *The Straw Giant: Triumph & Failure: America's Armed Forces* (Random).

Thinking through 'glasnost.'

WHEN TO CALL OFF THE COLD WAR

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV'S performance over the last two-and-a-half years has been remarkable: not just *glasnost* and *perestroika*, but INF concessions, Middle East peace feelers, pressure for reform in Soviet satellites, selective release of dissidents, and a whole new public face toward Europe and the United States. This performance has occasioned two reactions. On the one hand, it has been interpreted as the beginning of a fundamental turn in Soviet history and thus a fundamental change in East-West relations, which in turn warrants a fundamental change in American foreign policy. Hawks, on the other hand, tend to define *glasnost* more literally to mean publicity, public relations, an attempt at cosmetic change that will lure the West into a second period of détente, from which Gorbachev will extract Western credits and technology and a respite from the arms race.

Which is it? Despite the raging in the op-ed pages and in the foreign policy journals, no one knows. We don't know if Gorbachev is sincere. If he is, we don't know whether he will succeed in winning over his bureaucracy. If he does, we don't know if he will last. We have, after all, seen Khrushchev undertake domestic liberalization, while at the same time proclaiming the doctrine of national liberation, putting up the Berlin Wall, and sneaking SS-4s into Cuba.

Still, it is important for hawks to declare that they are open to evidence of change in the Soviet system and to specify what kind of evidence they would find convincing. Otherwise they are operating within a system as intellectually closed and impervious to refutation as the perverse ideology they so militantly oppose. There *are* criteria of Soviet behavior that warrant rethinking the U.S.-Soviet relationship, indeed, calling off the cold war. But they are not the two conditions—economic reform and arms control flexibility—most promiscuously cited by the cold-

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war-is-over school to prove that the Soviet Union has already reformed and therefore that American foreign policy too needs overhauling.

Economic reform. There are two ways to go from economic reform to détente. One way is to argue that economic liberalization must inevitably lead to political liberalization. Allow people to make economic choices and they will hunger for political choices. Soon you have on your hands a revolution in human liberty. It is a nice theory. It is rarely correct. Most of the world's dictatorships, despite their fondness for socialist nomenclature, are capitalist to some degree or other. Economic liberty can engender an appetite for political liberty, but modern dictators have the necessary repressive apparatus to deal with appetites. Some degree of economic freedom can coexist with an extraordinary degree of political repression. Witness Fascist Italy. And it is not at all clear that the economic reforms contemplated by Gorbachev will permit any more individual economic liberty than existed under Mussolini.

Conservatives often argue that in South Africa political reforms per se are unnecessary because the dynamism of capitalism will inevitably abolish the economically irrational overlay of apartheid. Here as elsewhere predictions of economic liberty leading the way to political liberty have not proven true. Nor do we have to look so far afield for examples. Lenin's New Economic Policy of the 1920s granted a far greater degree of individual economic liberty to Soviet citizens than Gorbachev proposes to grant today, and that in no way contradicted Lenin's perfection of his system of central control or, in the end, Stalin's improvement on it.

ARGUING IN the alternative, doves point to another road from economic reform to détente. This one does not pass through political liberalization, but makes the link directly: because the ruling party wants an economic restructuring, it is compelled to reorder its priorities. In order for Gorbachev to produce growth and renewal, he must turn inward, and is forced to seek a decrease in international tension, a halt in the arms race, a reduction in military expenditures, and general international calm.

The Democratic presidential candidates promise arms control, relaxed tensions, and regional cooperation on the assumption that Gorbachev needs these things for the success of his economic program, a fact that Reagan has stubbornly refused to recognize and exploit. The deeper assumption here is that, as Tip O'Neill liked to say, "all politics is local," Soviet politics included. It is not just American foreign policy that is driven by domestic needs. Gorbachev too is impelled by domestic considerations toward compromise and détente. Peace for the Soviets is not a choice but a necessity.

There are several problems with this analysis. First, it has been heard before. One cannot remember a time when Soviet peace overtures did not come with the explanatory footnote that the Soviets could not sustain the strain of the arms race but needed peace to feed their people. All that time, however, as we later learned, they were doing little feeding and much building and survived quite nicely. The Western assumption that domestic appetites must be satisfied before a country can build militarily is not a fact of life. It is a fact of democratic life.

SECOND, the analysis is not necessarily true. The inefficiencies of the Soviet system are so grotesque that even a minimal restructuring will eliminate the grosser inefficiencies and generate enough surplus capital for reinvestment and more restructuring—and might even leave something for the military. Moreover, if the Soviets do need huge sums of capital for their economic restructuring, it does not necessarily have to come out of their military budget. It can just as easily come out of generous Western banks, now short of reliable foreign borrowers. Bill Bradley has recently made that point in a plea for regulating bankers' inclinations to bail out the Soviets. Bradley points out, for example, that the banks are willing to lend at a much lower rate to the Soviet Union than to Brazil. In the '70s the West fell over itself trying to infuse capital into the Soviet bloc. The banks are quite capable of doing that again, which would ensure that even an expensive economic restructuring in the Soviet Union does not exact too high a price from the military.

Third, assume that, Western credits or not, Gorbachev indeed finds that he must reduce military spending in order to rebuild his economy, and thus needs international calm, arms reductions, and peace. This still proves nothing about fundamental change in Soviet intentions and ambitions in the world and thus carries no fundamental implications for American foreign policy vis-à-vis the Soviets. It is quite conceivable that now, as in the past, the maneuver is tactical and temporary. Gorbachev may feel that his hugely overdeveloped military superstructure cannot forever be sustained on so thin an economic base and that military retrenchment is necessary now to right the balance—in order to sustain Soviet military might in the longer run. To rebuild his economy on a firmer foundation he may be quite prepared to subject himself to a temporary halt to the relentless Soviet attempts over the last 20 years to achieve conventional, strategic, and geopolitical advantage over the United States. We would still have no evidence that the ultimate goal of achieving such advantage has been given up. And without that, any American declaration of an end to the cold war would be unilateral and dangerous.

Arms control. The other major encouragement to the end-of-the-cold-war school is Gorbachev's flexibility on arms control. He began with a unilateral test ban. He has made breakthroughs on verification, allowing more on-site inspection than the United States will now apparently accept. He has made concession after concession on medium-range missiles, until Reagan finally had to take yes for an answer. He has bent somewhat on his opposition to testing of strategic defenses. He has gotten so cocky that he is prepared to fly the odd delegation of Democratic doves to places like Krasnoyarsk to show that he is not afraid to expose even treaty violations to *glasnost*.

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In the realm of arms control these are significant moves. But what do they tell us about overall Soviet foreign policy ambitions and intentions? Very little. For one thing, these moves are inherently ambiguous. On INF, for example, the Soviets have gotten a very good deal. It is true that they tried for a much better deal in the early '80s, namely, that they keep their SS-20s and the West deploy no American Euromissiles. But when it became clear to the Soviets that they were not going to get that, they settled for the next best outcome, the zero option, which suits their 40-year-old goal of decoupling NATO from the United States rather well.

For another thing, most adjustments to the nuclear weapons balance have little to do with the basic direction of superpower foreign policy. It is true, of course, that nuclear weapons are central to the definition of a superpower, but beyond a certain point and assuming some rough equivalence of forces, they become strangely irrelevant. Kissinger's classic formulation—"What, in the name of God, is strategic superiority? . . . What do you do with it?"—is all the more relevant to conditions of strategic parity. What exactly do you do with nuclear weapons? If they are useless against countries that do not have them (Vietnam, Libya, Iran), what possible use can they have in furthering foreign policy aims against countries that do?

Weapons so unusable are difficult to turn into political counters. If there is a gross imbalance of forces, as there was during the Cuban missile crisis, nuclear force can intimidate (though the more relevant intimidating factor, even in that crisis, was overwhelming American conventional superiority in the Cuban theater). But today there is no such imbalance. An offer of quantitative arms control, even, for example, a 50 percent cut in strategic nuclear arms, changes nothing in the balance of power and tells us nothing about Soviet intentions. (Nor American intentions, for that matter: Ronald Reagan and Richard Perle can be for 50 percent strategic cuts without in any way having to modify their view of American foreign policy objectives.)

On the other hand, some qualitative arms control offers can signal a change in superpower strategy. On the American side, for example, abandonment of SDI would constitute a significant shift in American strategy and intentions. On the Soviet side, an offer to reduce their first-strike force to a level below which it is a potential instrument of blackmail would be a significant signal of reduced aggressive intent or at least reduced ambition. Tellingly, the Soviets continue to resist such a measure.

Anything short of such a true qualitative change in the array of nuclear forces reduces arms control to a foreign-policy sideshow: a way to save some money, make nuclear planning easier, and win the battle for public (Western) opinion on the peace issue. It tells us nothing about the future of the cold war.

WHAT THEN can Gorbachev do to convince the West that the cold war is over, that the conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union is no longer a struggle about values but about power? The question is crucial, because if all that is at stake on U.S.-Soviet relations is a traditional great power rivalry, then that would dictate a wholly new, deideologized American foreign policy. For the past 40 years Americans have correctly perceived the contest between the United States and the Soviet Union to be not merely a great power but an ideological struggle. This is what gives the cold war moral purpose and what makes it worth fighting. Take away that difference between the societies and the cold war loses its moral dimension.

Can that happen? The totalitarian idea, as conceived by Western intellectuals, is an impressive theoretical edifice. But it is not infallible. The ideological torpor and spiritual ossification of the Communist world were not anticipated by classical totalitarianism theory as articulated almost 40 years ago in the original writings of Arendt, Brzezinski, and Friedrich. Classical theory was impressed by the self-replicating nature of the totalitarianism apparatus. Thus far the theory has been generally correct. But it must in principle be capable of contradiction by facts. When and if that happens, we should not then deny the facts for the theory.

WHAT KIND of facts? What has to happen, what criteria must Gorbachev meet, that would and should force a rethinking of U.S.-Soviet relations, for calling off the cold war?

No one expects democracy in the Soviet Union. The United States lives with all kinds of dictatorships around the world and does not see conflict with them as a moral imperative. If the Soviet Union were to make fundamental changes in its Leninist apparatus—democratic centralism at home, "anti-imperialism" abroad—that should start Americans, and American hawks in particular, rethinking the ideological nature of the East-West conflict. I am talking not about the chimera of economic reform or arms control, but about far more significant areas: human rights and "regional conflicts" or, put another way, the way the Soviets treat their own people and the way they treat vulnerable non-Soviet people around the world.

Human rights. The two most abhorrent features of the Soviet system from the Western point of view are the repression of dissent and the denial of the right of free movement. These are related and synergistic. What defines a prison, no matter how cushy the accommodations, is the fact that one may not leave. What turns ordinary oppression into imprisonment is an impossibility of escape. In a political system, a bar on emigration defines a state of radical unfreedom. The fact that Soviet-bloc citizens from Moscow to Havana may not escape their oppression makes for a singular form of tyranny. One of the reasons Americans have few moral qualms about warm relations with a severely repressive Communist Yugoslavia, for example, is that it allows emigration. Adoption of a similar policy in the Soviet system would have far-reaching implications.

An equally significant change would have to come in Soviet treatment of dissent. Full pluralism is not the point. What is important is dismantling the apparatus of the centralized police state: closing the psychiatric prisons,

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evacuating the Gulag, reducing the power of the KGB, and allowing non-Party voices to be heard in official media, meaning not just the internal self-criticism of corruption and inefficiency now permitted on the letters-to-the-editor page, but criticism from without. These changes, and not a two-candidate election for sewer commissioner of Vladivostok, are the signs of change in the Soviet political structure that would warrant a rethinking of the ideological underpinnings of the cold war.

Regional conflicts. The issue is Soviet expansionism. The question is at what point are the Soviets prepared to be a status quo power. To the West, Gorbachev seems to be saying: now. "[I]f the statements made by the general secretary were to come to reflect a committed, sustained policy," writes Christoph Bertram, "this would be the kind of attitude that the West has always sought: the Soviet Union as a responsible superpower, conscious of its obligations to international order and no longer prepared to define its security interests at the expense of others."

What kind of policy would one look for? For starters: relaxation of control over Eastern Europe and a willingness to return Afghanistan to its condition of non-Communist neutrality before Soviet intervention in the '70s. One cannot expect the Soviet Union, or any great power for that matter, to give up all efforts to expand its influence. But the way it expands its influence is important. There is a difference between Findlandizing buffer states, i.e., assuring non-hostile foreign policies while permitting freedom of social organization, and forcibly communizing them. If the Soviet Union merely allied itself with Ethiopia, the United States would have to deal with the geopolitical implications of Soviet access to Red Sea ports. But the transformation of Ethiopian society, under Soviet, East German, and Cuban tutelage, is attended with such barbarity and suffering that the American interest in Ethiopia ceases to be coldly realpolitikal. It becomes ideological: preventing yet another society from falling into the long, dark night of totalitarian rule. Were the Soviets content to seek traditional alliances and renounce their doctrine of national liberation and their efforts at imposing Communist social transformation on their "fraternal allies," the nature of the contest between the United States and the Soviet Union would be radically transformed.

FINALLY, there is ideology. Listening to what the Soviets say may be more important than watching what they do. And what is important is not what Georgi Arbatov says on "Nightline" but what Gorbachev says to the Central Committee and what Party ideologues say in the pages of *Pravda*. In China, in an editorial on the 38th anniversary of the Communist Revolution, the *People's Daily* announced that "we cannot and will not undertake political campaigns of class struggle." For a Communist Party, giving up the notion of class struggle is far more important than allowing self-management in factories. The West is fixated on economic reforms. But the question is not whether Gorbachev is determined to put a VCR in every basket. The real question is what is he determined to have his schoolteachers put in the heads of their students and editorialists feed their readers. In the West we so discount Communist ideology that we fail to see the extent to which it continues to underpin Soviet actions. Nothing could be more important to the United States in thinking about the cold war than the state of Soviet ideology, which legitimizes the Party's rule and justifies both repression at home and expansion abroad.

De-Stalinization is a reason to tone down the cold war. De-Leninization is a reason—the only reason—for abandoning it. This is not just a pipe dream. It is not an impossible condition that hawks can invoke for the purpose of justifying an indefinite prolongation of the cold war. The process may already be starting in China, where the Central Committee is considering removing the Party from day-to-day governance. Were that process to take hold in the Soviet Union, it would justify a revolution in American foreign-policy thinking.

WHAT KIND of revolution? We might call it a paradigm shift. In characterizing the current Soviet-American conflict, hawks and doves invoke two diametrically opposed historical analogies. For hawks the relevant historical paradigm is Munich. For doves it is Sarajevo. For hawks, we are engaged in a struggle against an inimical and implacable ideological adversary (with the important difference that while the Soviets are as unappeasable as Hitler, they are not as reckless). For doves, we are engaged in the blind and pointless collision of rival national and imperial ambitions that will eventuate in unintended, senseless general destruction. (There is a revisionist argument, most recently summarized by Pat Glynn in the current *National Interest*, that in fact World War I was no more accidental than World War II and that a have-not Germany, seeking to alter radically the status quo, premeditated both wars. Without judging the historical record, the Sarajevo, guns-of-August analogy is still useful as a shorthand for non-ideological great power conflicts that lead blindly to war.)

A de-Leninization of the Soviet system would totally deideologize the cold war. There would simply be no point in carrying it on. We would all have to agree that we are living at Sarajevo and the great task of both American and Soviet diplomacy is to manage jointly the inevitable rivalry of two great powers in such a way as to ensure peace. That is how détente was defined when it was declared, prematurely, a decade and a half ago.

When hawks insist that the only way to pursue a lasting peace between the Soviet Union and the United States is through improvements in human rights and a moderation of Soviet expansionism they are not being disingenuous. They are not imposing a false and opportunistic linkage. They are not avoiding the real issues of peace, such as, we are told, nuclear arms control. They are stating what is plain for all to see: the cold war may end simply because the West wearies of the twilight struggle, but it *should* end when there is no more reason to pursue it. And that will come only when the moral distance between East and West has narrowed, not before. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Tangled Web

Deceit is a key theme in David Mamet's work—deceit with a unique candid flavor. A number of his plays—*Glengarry Glen Ross*, *American Buffalo*, *The Shawl*, *The Water Engine*—are built on the principle of people deceiving people, but the odd angle is that it *is* a principle. The deceivers think of themselves positively, as prototypical of a society that tolerates,

House of Games
(Orion)

even thrives on, deception; they do not see themselves as outsiders. The title of Mamet's film, *House of Games*, is the name of a gambling hangout, but it is also, for Mamet, our world.

Deceit as ethos is not a new idea in films: *The Sting* and *Tin Men* are only two previous examples. However, *House of Games* is very much itself, first, because Mamet wrote it (with assistance from Jonathan Katz on the original idea); second, because he makes his debut here as film director; third, because he has assembled a cast mostly of former associates, almost a Mamet ensemble. It is an extraordinary piece of work, not least because, even to one familiar with Mamet's theater, the style is mildly off-putting at the start. We need a few minutes to link up with it. The film begins as if it were cinematically hesitant, uncomfortable; then, with a sort of soft burst, we see that this style is the result of choices cunningly, appropriately made. Mamet has written screenplays for others, *The Untouchables* among them, but they were all designedly orthodox. *House of Games* is his own, on paper and then in execution, and it is quietly daring.

Deceit (yes, this is the third paragraph beginning with that word) is to Mamet what sexuality is to Pinter—the panther below, the secret animal within us that strikes when it wills, at whose mercy we exist. Mamet doesn't maintain that we are all knowingly deceitful as we are all knowingly sexual, but he recognizes the constant wish in us to maintain surfaces for the advantage of what is beneath the surface, a wish as common to presidents as to con men. He singles out this quality as the medium in which his people struggle, just as other playwrights use love. (Love and sex, though not absent from Mamet, are lesser elements in his work.)

We are in an unnamed city. A successful psychoanalyst, played by Lindsay Crouse (Mamet's wife, for whom he has written other roles), has published a book called *Driven*, about the power of compulsions. One of her patients is a compulsive gambler, in danger of his life, he says, because of a huge debt. She promises to help. She goes to see the professional gambler—played by Joe Mantegna—who holds the marker. This contact draws her into the world inhabited by Mantegna, a world of gambling and con that runs along under the surface world and has its own honor and goals. One step into that netherworld leads to one more and one more, until Crouse is really involved. The effect is of reversed Chinese boxes, as if she starts inside a small one, which is lifted so that she finds herself inside a larger one, then a larger.

At the end she is seemingly free, but this author of a book on compulsions has discovered that she herself is compulsive. Her initial visit to the House of Games might have been possible for any analyst who had sworn to help a patient under stress. But what Crouse gets entangled in during that visit, plus the fact that she returns to the place on her own, indicates that the physician has not yet healed herself. Throughout the film she is the agonist of a tension between the two worlds, and that tension is not really resolved at the finish. Her case is her case, her story is her story, both interesting in themselves, but beyond them are the implications of an even deeper deception: the illusion of control.

The opening shot is the gritty surface of a block of stone. The camera pans from that roughness to an urban plaza. Crouse walks across it, followed by a young woman with a copy of *Driven*, which she asks Crouse to sign. The action, the conversation, seem almost stilted; and our first reaction is that Mamet is not at ease. Where, for instance, are all the sounds we ought to be hearing in the background? Then, as the film progresses, we learn that this scene was the first in a series of abstractions. Crouse and a patient are seen as profiles, placeless, before her office is established. The House of Games, when we first see its exterior, looks like a theater setting, gloomy lighting, steamy manhole and all. (Most of the colors in Juan Ruiz Anchia's camera are muted.) When she enters the House, a few men are idly playing pool. The bartender is reading a newspaper in light that comes up from behind the bar. The hall is soundless. Clearly we are dealing with essences, not detailed facsimiles.

In the whole film, the realism is "realism," a series of artifices, like the morality of the world that inhabits it. The exterior of the House is only the first of the recognizable places that are abstracted

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Stakeout. Richard Dreyfuss is funny and feisty as a detective assigned to watch a lovely young woman's apartment. Aidan Quinn supplies chills as the homicidal menace. (Reviewed 8/31/87)

Theme. A Soviet film, surprisingly delicate and surprisingly candid. A middle-aged playwright confronts his hopelessness and is possibly helped by a free-spirited young woman. The acting and directing are exceptionally fine. (10/26/87)

The Whistle Blower. Michael Caine grows. Here, as the father of a British Intelligence employee, he plunges into the cruel underworld of espionage. Intelligently written. (8/10&17/87)

Wish You Were Here. An English seaside town, 1951. Emily Lloyd is comic and moving as a headstrong girl making trouble for herself and others. The contrived ending is a bother, but the rest is vivid. (8/3/87)

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into Mamet's program. Another instance: the huge freight warehouse of an airport, where the violent climax of the film occurs. The action would be impossible, or would be drastically affected, if anyone else entered. No one comes in. We know that this is unlikely but irrelevant because the entire film is in a sense a ballet, stylized, distilled, that happens to be danced before realistic settings. Even the con games are the *idea* of con rather than credible swindles.

Mamet's dialogue supports and fulfills this mode. By now it's known that he's not a conventionally realistic writer, that his much-discussed "ear" is not stenographic but emblematic. He intensifies vernacular the way that macrophotography intensifies the eye of a fly, transforming the familiar into the mysterious without actually altering it.

This is nowhere more evident than in the writing of the swindler's role. In a way it's an offshoot of the role that Mantegna played—superbly—in the Broadway production of *Glengarry Glen Ross*. There he was a sharpie real estate salesman who observed himself as he practiced his hustle. Here as a gambler and confidence man—"I *give* people confidence"—he is much the same smooth, defiant, self-observing hustler. "We all gotta live in an imperfect world," he says near the end. "I acted atrociously, but I do that for a living." Note the word "atrociously": Mamet, like Pinter, uses precisely the surprising, acquired word in otherwise common speech. (Not incidentally, if you want proof of Mamet's ability with actors, see Mantegna's performances in two other recent films, *Weeds* and *Suspect*—good enough, but not nearly as finely tuned as his work here. Mamet, along with his other talents, is a well-known teacher of acting.)

The screenwriter has designed the leading role perfectly for his leading woman. It calls forth the best in Crouse: the seeming reticence that in time only makes her more worth knowing, the ability to convey intelligence without prissiness, even the truth that makes the most of her age. The psychoanalyst trembles on the edge of being passé as a woman (we feel) without having made the most of her womanliness. This makes her vulnerable to Mantegna even though her mind forewarns her, and this vulnerability certifies the woman under the professional persona.

Within two years we've had two films from important playwrights who wrote works directly for the screen and who made their film-directing debuts with them: David Hare's *Wetherby*, now Mamet's *House of Games*. Two such events hardly constitute a trend. But it's heartening to see that, in the film world, not all the best lack conviction even though the worst teem with passionate intensity.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Tynanosaurus Rex

When Kenneth Tynan died of emphysema in a Los Angeles hospital at the age of 53, many of us mourned the premature loss to criticism and to the theater. Kathleen Tynan's new biography of her husband, *The Life of Kenneth Tynan* (Morrow, 597 pp., $22.95), is a protracted act of mourning—an extended obituary pulsing with heartache, pain, and subterranean rage. It is a tender but melancholy testimonial, memorializing the passing not only of a man, but of the age with which he was identified, which he did so much to shape. Mrs. Tynan is not always altogether certain that Kenneth Tynan's century had its head in the right place, or that her husband truly fulfilled his own role as an "influential figure in the theater, in the evaluation of mid-century mores, and as a man of letters." But her rich, lush, sensual prose testifies to Tynan's continuing impact on her spirit and on her affections. Researching the book, she feels "an acute and evil loneliness. . . . I'm a robber—of Ken's life." Playing the role of ghoul, she also plays the sorceress. At the same time that she is building a myth, she is enacting a rite of exorcism.

The general facts of Kenneth Tynan's life are relatively well known; Kathleen Tynan supplies the candid supplemental details. To her, he was a jumble of contradictions—moralist and pleasure-seeker, political activist and dandy, vulgarian and aesthete, creative artist and

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poseur. "Was he a performer who happened to write?" she asks. Whatever the answer, she confesses to being "forever astonished" by him. Astonished, but not always content or approving. Tynan, whose relations with his first wife, Elaine, were a history of epic battles and epic adulteries, was not always faithful to Kathleen either, after the first ten monogamous years. And what I find so sad about this account is how such a genuine love could be so morbidly vitiated by sexual ideology.

TYNAN HAD a bad case of that English malady D. H. Lawrence called "sex in the head." Perhaps his fatal flaw, and the quality that exposed him to ridicule, criticism, and ultimate rejection, was his self-generated image as a sexual revolutionary. He took pride in being the first to say "fuck" on television, on the BBC. He was an intellectual who felt no qualms about being featured on the masthead of *Playboy*. Equipped with glittering prose gifts, he made his major creative contributions to the raunchy revue *Oh! Calcutta!*, and to a script for a pornographic movie. He got his sexual kicks from spanking the bottoms of young, nubile girls (at Oxford he hung a whip over a pair of female underpants), and from "sexual ownership." He avoided the draft by confessing to an army doctor that he couldn't have sex without spurs. And while he proudly disclosed his extramarital adventures to his wives, he was shocked when they took lovers themselves. It's hard to avoid sounding like a hindsight moralist now that his vaunted sexual revolution has foundered on the shoals of divorce, increased venereal disease, sour marriages, and AIDS. But Tynan's erotic agenda appears like the provocation of a bright but cheeky schoolboy nourishing his unlicked sexual idiosyncrasies with intellectual and political rationalizations.

Most of Tynan's enthusiasms (politics excepted) were developed at Oxford. After his early years in Birmingham—the illegitimate son of an Irish woman, Rose Tynan, and a knighted draper, Sir Peter Peacock—he went to Magdalen College and turned into a bit of a peacock himself. Leaving an endless trail of broken marriage engagements, he sucked on a wine-dark cigarette holder, wore gold satin shirts and a doeskin suit, and carried a black umbrella tied with a red silk ribbon. He also wore makeup, dressed in drag, and declared with Byron that "the great object in life is sensation." He encouraged the rumor (though this was one form of sensation he never tasted) that he was homosexual, perhaps in an effort to imitate Sebastian Flyte in *Brideshead Revisited*. Brilliant from birth, he soon became a legend at Oxford for his writing, debating, acting, directing, and personal style. Everyone assumed he was destined for greatness.

Following some aborted efforts to act on the professional stage (the title of his first book, *He That Plays the King*, was a reference to his role as the Player King in Alec Guinness's *Hamlet*), Tynan wrote a scathing letter to a hostile critic that won him a reviewing job on Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*. From that moment he was the darling of the city, and commanded "swinging London" from his perch as arbiter of theatrical taste (a post he later held even more authoritatively on the *Observer* after Beaverbrook fired him for threatening to sue his own paper).

Unlikely as it seems today, the stage was once a very potent social instrument, especially during Tynan's years as a critic. It certainly had a powerful influence on Tynan, who claimed it was responsible for his political conversion. "I have seen *Mother Courage*," he declared, "and I am a Marxist." Tynan's Marxism was often indistinguishable from a liberal humanism of his own special sexual brand. (He once defined a humanist as one "who remembers the faces of the people he spanks.")

It was certainly more theatrical than economic, and saturated with reflexive political ideas. He fought for sexual freedom and against the bomb, protested the Suez invasion, defended homosexual rights, deplored censorship, and lent his support to Fair Play for Cuba, which earned him a subpoena from the Internal Security Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate. It also aroused in this former aesthete a new tolerance for propaganda plays, whose "aim was to 'start you talking' "—even though he knew the purpose of great drama "is to *stop* you talking." After championing *Look Back in Anger*, he began to measure dramatic art by ideological yardsticks, preferring the engaged dramatists—Brecht, Miller, Hansberry, Osborne, Sartre—to such metaphysical writers as Beckett and Ionesco, and what he called their "privileged despair."

Tynan's sympathy for the underprivileged and the dispossessed did not always extend to his own family; his mother died in a psychiatric hospital, neglected by her son. And it did not prevent him from socializing with royalty, whether of blood or of celebrity. This opened him to charges of being a "champagne socialist." A self-admitted "talent snob," he felt compelled to fraternize with just about everyone he admired, a spectrum ranging from Orson Welles and Ernest Hemingway to bullfighters and movie stars. Kathleen was exhausted by this "diet of great Persons." Bored with the parties, she decided to find work, at the same time becoming attracted to feminism through her friendship with Germaine Greer. Soon after, Tynan took a mistress of 28 with a matching anal-sadistic fantasy, causing Kathleen to muse that "no one had thought to reveal to me the great secret of married sexual love, which is that it comes to an end."

ALTHOUGH SEVERELY tested by Tynan's continuing passion for "exposing and demonstrating his sexual life," the marriage did not come to an end. After his dazzling two-year stint as critic for the *New Yorker* and his divorce from Elaine, Kathleen had joined him for his difficult tenure as literary manager (later literary consultant) with the National Theatre under the founding leadership of Laurence Olivier. Tynan admired Olivier and became his effusive Boswell, but they were not a natural match. Tynan had previously been highly critical of Vivien Leigh, Olivier's wife, even of Olivier himself, and he was considerably more radical—politically and intellectually, if not theatrically—than his other colleagues at the National. Yet it is a tribute to Olivier's tolerance and loyalty that he always defended Tynan against the hostility of Lord Chandos, chairman of the National Theatre's board of directors, and even agreed (though he later had to back out because of prostate cancer) to help Tynan produce the politically inflammatory *Soldiers* on the West End when the Tory Chandos rejected it.

Provocations and challenges of this kind were brave, but, along with his notorious personal life, they undermined Tynan's position with the National. They may also have undermined Olivier, because he was soon to be dumped unceremoniously by Chandos's successor, Max Rayne, in favor of Peter Hall. The ostensible reason for this brutal rejection was a series of four successive flops. (Tynan defended the season, sounding a little like the Shuberts, by saying, "There's nothing wrong that a couple of hits won't cure.") But there was clearly bad blood between

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the artistic leadership and the board, which Tynan—following his critical credo to "rouse tempers, goad and lacerate, raise whirlwinds"—did a lot to stir up.

A larger question was why he didn't do more to stir up the National artistically. By contrast with Hall's mild tenure, the regime under Olivier seems almost daring. But the selection of plays was actually pretty tame by comparison with what was happening in the more innovative theaters of the world. Tynan was responsible for commissioning some new translations of European classics, for a few novel interpretive ideas such as the all-male *As You Like It*, for the occasional new gamble such as Trevor Griffith's *The Party*. But these were only scraps on a table where the usual diet was establishment classics, chic revivals, and mainstream new works by the likes of Stoppard and Shaffer, all in relatively orthodox productions. As Tynan later wrote, explaining his policy of having no policy, it "was partly tailored to the limitations (and strengths) of Larry's temperament—pragmatic, empirical, wary of grand designs or distant goals."

WHATEVER THE reason, as a dramaturge Tynan did not leave any particularly significant mark on the practicing theater. Where his lasting significance lies, I believe, is in his prose, especially his theater criticism. Tynan's reviews of the New York and London stages remain breathtaking in their sheer descriptive brilliance and their wit. One does not have to agree with his aesthetics or his judgment to recognize that he is absolutely peerless in the way he describes a theatrical event and (perhaps because he was a performer himself) pre-eminent in the way he evokes a performance.

He is often called the finest drama critic after Shaw. This is probably true—not because, like Shaw, his criticism emerged from a congenial and generous social-political context (Tynan correctly noted that he was more interested in words than ideas), but rather because it often achieved the quality and texture of a creative act. Tynan's affinity for performers occasionally turned into fan notes and love letters. But he never lost his gift for formulating the exact verbal equivalent of the visual events he had witnessed, as if he were not just an observer but a dancer joining the dance.

He was, however, a dreadful caretaker of his talents. It was not just the smoking habit that he could not shake even when fighting for breath and taking oxygen, or the continuing dissipation even when death was a constant companion. He simply did not respect his own gifts enough to husband these resources for a larger purpose than personal pleasure. "I write to become sexually desirable," he noted in his engagement book, "now I have what I desire, why write?" Kathleen was forced to watch him deteriorate, physically and spiritually, to hear him speak drunkenly (in an interview) of his infidelities while claiming he had forgotten why he had married, to witness his growing self-hatred and acedia.

"Life itself is my enemy," he declared to her, and then, "If you don't want to come down to the bottom with me, I don't want to go anywhere with you." Tynan's slide into physical collapse and spiritual bankruptcy sounds like the moral deliquescence of F. Scott Fitzgerald. His drunken sojourn in Puerto Vallarta, months before his death, where he turned out one sentence in six months, and was plagued by roosters and mariachi bands and hallucinations, reminds one of Malcolm Lowry's alcoholic Consul. No doubt Tynan was aware of these literary and romantic resonances too. He was always attracted to doomed talents; it was inevitable he would join them himself.

Back in Los Angeles, he loses control of his speech and spends his last days glued to a television set. When he dies, the BBC refers only to his production of *Oh! Calcutta!* and the four-letter word he uttered on that network. But Tynan had written an even more cruel epitaph for himself in the form of a parody of prehistoric animals:

> The Tynanosaur had fallen into such general atrophy and disuse that, by a process of accelerated natural selection, his brains had been eliminated altogether. All these features point to a remarkable conclusion: for the first time in the history of paleontology, we have here a creature which, long before physical death overtook it, had already become partially extinct.

Kathleen Tynan's memoir restores balance. Despite her personal suffering as a result of her errant husband's narcissism and coldness, she knows what precious relics may be salvaged from the remains of such extinct creatures. Tynan's genius survives his sexual adventurism, his political foolishness, his weakness for celebrities and show-biz chic, even his final wretched years, to find rich expression both in his critical work and in the pages of his wife's inconsolable remembrances. □

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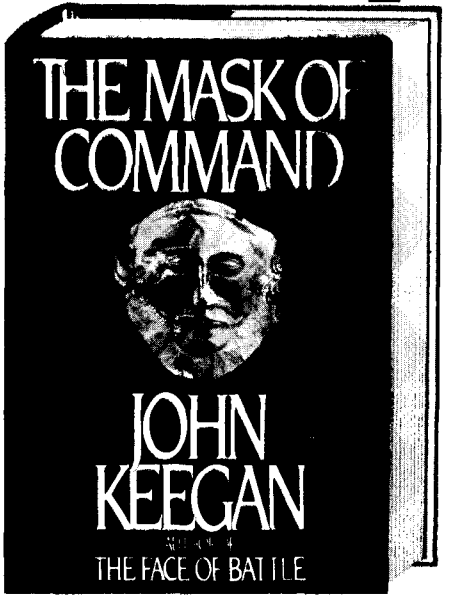

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Nicaragua's natural resources: feuding families, warring towns, and adventurers.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF TURPITUDE

BY ARTURO CRUZ JR.

I.

NICARAGUA IS a country of families, all of whom know one another, or at least all about one another. There are the "old" families who can trace their roots to the colony (the Sacasas, the Chamorros, the Cuadras) and the "new" ones (the Reyes, the Somozas, the Ortegas). A last name tells much about a person, especially if it is one of the more distinguished or historical names. Consider the Chamorros, a family that, like the Jesuits, is found on both sides of the Nicaraguan conflict. They must have something going for them, people say, since they've prolonged their importance in the country's affairs for nearly 200 years.

In Nicaragua people have always said that there is no such thing as a cowardly Chamorro or an unintelligent Cuadra; or, as the historian José Coronel Urtecho archly remarked, there is no such thing as an intelligent Chamorro or a valiant Cuadra. Our folklore would have it that the Sacasas are educated folk; they are reputed never to say "yes" or "no," never to commit themselves one way or the other. From a purely Nicaraguan point of view, this makes the Sacasas more "Costa Rican" in temperament. And, if truth be told, people still gossip that the Somozas, at least before "Tachito" was in power (1967-1979), were charming and witty folk.

What can we report about the Ortega brothers? Some say that they are unknowns, that we must wait and see what characteristics this "new" family might display. Others opine just the opposite: that we already know enough to say without a doubt that they are "respectable." After all, both Daniel and Humberto were educated by the Christian Brothers and learned their history lessons in the same classroom as the sons of Luis Somoza, and from the same venerable sage, Don Ricardo Páiz Castillo. Their mother, Doña Lidia Saavedra, was famous for her beauty as a young woman (as their sisters have been) and known to be from a devoutly Catholic and conservative family. There is even a rumor that Humberto's daughters have received their First Communion, though secretly. Nor should one forget that Daniel also studied for the priesthood, in a Salesian seminary in El Salvador, where one of his teachers was a priest who is now Cardinal Miguel Obando y Bravo.

The Ortega brothers grew up in the San Antonio neighborhood, playing billiards and baseball, going to American movies on Sunday (two films for the price of one), filling up on hot dogs and popcorn acquired at the "Buen Tono" shop just outside the theater. They even cut their hair in flattop style and wore the kind of pants that in Managua were called "Ivy League," the kind with a buckle on the seat. Every year for Holy Week, for the procession of young Catholic men, the Ortega brothers would bring out their new wardrobe. But when Don Camilo died, the boys had to leave the care of the Christian Brothers and enter a public school, the Maestro Gabriel, which was, as they say, not top-drawer. From the moment they left private school, the sisters of their old classmates ceased to invite them to their parties, and the Ortegas entered the ranks of the frustrated and the embittered.

In his adolescent years, Humberto's dream was to have a tuxedo for his high school graduation, and not just any tuxedo, but the kind made by the Gómez tailoring establishment, normally advertised as having "the prestige you require." As it happened, Humberto would have to wait some years before he could order his suits from Gómez, and when the moment came, he would ask not for a tuxedo, but—as the new marshal of the victorious Sandinista army—the uniform of a *comandante* of the revolution. The other *comandantes* ordered their uniforms from Cuba.

These are the kind of details that make some people in Nicaragua say that our problem does not reside with the Ortegas. No, the problem is with the "other seven" *comandantes*, and with the famous troika that surrounds Daniel and hems him in. As Carlos Chamorro Coronel—brother of the now famous Edgar Chamorro (the "CIA murder manual" Chamorro)—used to say, the mere fact that Father D'Escoto is a member of the troika is enough to complicate matters beyond measure. The good father, said Carlos, is an accomplished intriguer, as befits his ancestry: he comes from one of the great courtier families of Nicaragua. "D'Escoto," he would repeat, "is structurally a Somocista." Along with the wily foreign minister, the troika includes Sergio Ramírez, the vice president. Outside of Nicaragua he is known for his novels, and for his vast knowledge of Gramsci. At home, among the tiny tribe, Sergio is also known for something else: his excellent sense of timing. When the revolution was reaching the boiling point a few years ago, nobody was more radical than he; now that the Arias plan is all the fashion, nobody can equal his moderation and good sense.

But without a doubt the strongest member in the troika is Rosario Murillo, Ortega's companion. From a little-known family of considerable means, educated in Switzerland at a private school for young ladies of quality, she was secretary for many years to Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, editor of *La Prensa* (when it was *La Prensa*). In Nicaragua it is known that after their father's death, Humberto became the head of the family, even though he was younger than Daniel; but now that Rosario has entered the scene, it is no longer possible to know precisely who gives the orders in the Ortega clan—Daniel, the older and president of the republic, or Humberto, the younger and commanding general of the Sandinista army.

Where Is Nicaragua?
by Peter Davis
(Simon and Schuster, 349 pp., $18.95)

Intellectual Foundations of the Nicaraguan Revolution
by Donald C. Hodges
(University of Texas Press, 392 pp., $27.50, $11.50 paper)

Arturo Cruz Jr. is writing a book on the political culture of Nicaragua.

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Nicaragua is also a country of regional rivalries: between historic cities, particularly León and Granada; and between them and the "new towns" in the province of Carazo—Jinotepe, San Marcos, Masatepe, Niquinohomo. Historically, Managua, though it is the capital, is of no importance; a century ago it was nothing more than a fishing village on the shores of a huge volcanic lake, as well as a safe haven for the Granadine patriciate during its ongoing civil war with León. And in the earthquake of 1972 Managua lost its picturesque old quarter, which was the only thing that made it interesting to tourists and nationals alike. Today the city is nothing more than a collection of buildings skirting the edge of a huge void where the downtown and the old city used to be, a dormitory for a million persons with an airport and one "good hotel"—the Intercontinental—about which Western journalists always have so much to say.

THE HISTORIC cities of Nicaragua resemble the "best families"; to be a Granadine or a Leonese tells much about you, or is supposed to. Granadines are regarded as malicious and conceited. Theirs is a mercantile town; and among its leading households are a few of Genovese origin. The Granadines are considered the Phoenicians of Nicaragua, people who are born, live, and die facing the lake, dedicated to commerce, first with the leading merchant houses of Spain, and later with their English successors, whose representatives were stationed at San Juan del Norte, at the mouth of the San Juan River on the Atlantic coast. The Leonese, for their part, were reputed to be extremely tight with their money, and to measure their worth by the number of creameries on their estates. Moreover, their principal families—the Sacasa clan (traditionally politicians) and the Sánchez clan (people of wealth, given to "progressive" ideas) were of foreign origin.

In Nicaragua they say that as long as the Granadines support the Sandinista *comandantes* and the *contras* are controlled by the Leonese there is no way that the *contras* can win the war. Everybody inside of Nicaragua—and almost nobody outside it—knows that eminent Granadine families are more than well-represented in the ranks of the Sandinistas; the Castillos, the Cardenals, the Cuadras, the Guzmáns, the Pellas, the Coronels, even some Chamorros are "insiders" of the new regime, through opportune marriages, business deals, or in the case

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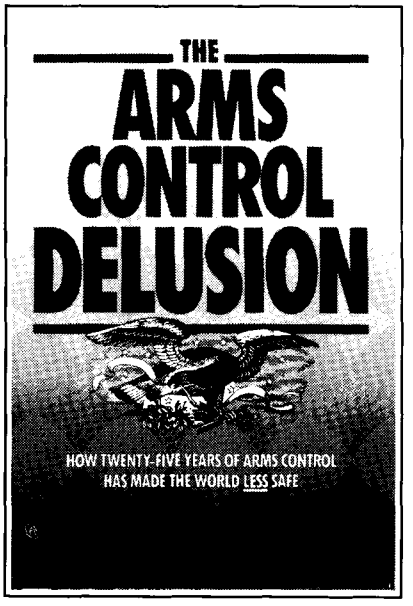

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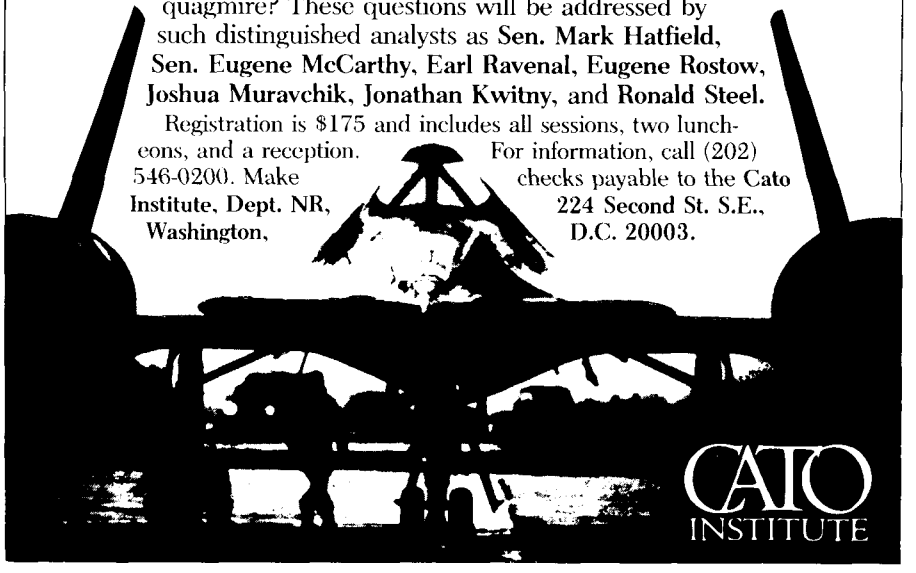

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of the Coronels, merely by virtue of lending their considerable intellectual acumen to a new class of rulers not excessively brilliant. The *contras*, on the other hand, are dominated by Leonese families—Pereiras, Argüellos, Morales, and the remnants of the Sacasa clan, who operate behind the figure of Adolfo Calero. (The last is something of a rare bird in Nicaraguan politics: he is 100 percent Managuan in his background.)

What is remarkable about all of this is that not even "revolutionary" Nicaragua has been able to free itself from the historic rivalry between León and Granada. Once again we are witnessing a confrontation between the proverbial malice of the Granadine merchant and the proverbial innocence of the Leonese landowner. The latter has, to be sure, learned a few things over the last 40 years (including how to grow cotton and make money), but he still has a long way to go to match the Granadine in nastiness and arrogance.

And the people of the "new towns"? For a start, they were born and bred on resentment against the dons of Granada and León, who for so many years excluded them from the country's political affairs. The province of Carazo is full of such towns—Masatepe, Niquinohomo, and San Marcos, from whence came, respectively, President José María Moncada (1929-32), Augusto César Sandino, and the elder Somoza (1934-56). Typically their families were involved in the cultivation of coffee on small- and medium-sized properties, possessing what the Marxists would call a "class position" equivalent to a rural petit bourgeoisie. Of the first Somoza, we know that his father forced him to wield a machete, to fell trees and clear the fields of scrub; that later he was a licensed electrician; that later still he decamped to León, thence to Philadelphia to study business, and with the help of his relatives, the Sánchez clan, made the most important deal of his life, a marriage with one of the daughters of the aristocratic Sacasas.

II.

NICARAGUA IS a country where political doctrines are the result of accidents; that is, here everything is a matter of tradition. One is born into the Liberal Party or the Conservative Party. For Nicaraguans, especially in the countryside, to belong to one of these parties is like being a Catholic. Most men in the countryside and in the rural towns do not go to mass on Sundays; generally they confess only when death is near. But ask them their religious affiliation and they answer "Catholic" without hesitation, and woe betide anyone who criticizes the pope or the Blessed Virgin Mary. Affiliation has never had much to do with conduct. In Nicaragua you could belong to the Liberal Party but behave as if you were Conservative, and vice versa.

This explains why Marxist scholars, or more generally those who believe that political action is the result of economic position, lose their way when they study the history of Nicaragua. In their scheme of things, the Liberals should behave like "progressives," and the Conservatives like "reactionaries." But in Nicaragua things are never so simple. Categories developed for the study of other societies have little relevance; our past is just a bit too fantastic, and our present a bit too "small," to fill out the huge conceptual frames developed by the Marxists.

NOT FOR nothing did people used to say in the old days that everything ran in reverse. In Nicaragua, as the Marxists would put it, there is no correspondence between the material base and the ideological superstructure. Granada, the capital of a Conservative oligarchy, was Nicaragua's commercial city, and commerce and liberalism in the 19th century were one and the same thing. Moreover, Conservative governments promoted and subsidized the cultivation of coffee, while in the rest of Central America coffee was synonymous with Liberal ascendency. And more complicated still, it was the Conservatives who, without the participation of any foreign capital, introduced the railroad and the telegraph. It was Gen. Joaquín Zavala, partner of the ultramontane Don Pedro Chamorro in the largest commercial house in the country, who as president of the Conservative republic inaugurated institutions dedicated to secular education, imported Masonic teachers, and expelled the Jesuits, who had originally come to Nicaragua fleeing from Justo Rufino Barrios's Liberal revolution in Guatemala.

León, for its part, was known as a Liberal city, as the seat of "progressive" ideas. But the leading gentlemen of that city were largely dedicated to raising cattle, which in theory (at least in the theory of Comandante Wheelock) should have made them partisans of Conservative doctrine. It was the Liberals of León who were known to be loyal to the Catholic Church and its bishops, to be avid participants in the ceremonies of Holy Week and in religious processions. In fact, the execution in Costa Rica of Francisco Morazán—the greatest Central American Liberal of them all, the apostle of isthmian unity—occasioned widespread celebration in León. And a final twist: it was the Liberals of León who brought the American adventurer William Walker to Nicaragua in 1855 to fight their battles for them.

Why, then, did the Leonese call themselves Liberals? Probably because they always dreamed of breaking the commercial monopoly of the Granadines, for which they required doctrinal justification. Or perhaps because the Leonese always styled themselves intellectuals; their city was replete with literary circles, workmen's and artisans' cultural societies, and so forth, and it was justly famous for its Universidad de Occidente. They were rich too in "funerary" intellectuals, in young men whose principal opportunity to practice Liberal oratory was at the graveside ceremony of some local notable.

In the final analysis, as Octavio Paz has said, nation-building is a serious business. It took Nicaraguans more than three decades of continual warfare after independence, as well as the adventure of William Walker, to take it seriously. For years we persisted in searching for magical solutions; we even entertained thoughts of offering a Nicaraguan crown to the Italian general who happened on the country with 500 Mexican soldiers representing the ridiculous Mexican empire of Augustín de Iturbide. The urge for a miracle worker from abroad led some Nicaraguans to place their hopes in the arrival of the first American minister-plenipotentiary to Nicaragua, E. George Squier. In the midst of our anarchy, Nicaraguans saw in Squier the image of a redeemer, the figure who would link us to the young, vigorous nation to the north. Squier's mission was immensely important too, for it signified America's recognition of Nicaragua as an independent nation.

III.

NICARAGUA IS a small country, but it is not a simple one. This creates a special problem for the literature on its revolutionary regime, which usually falls into the trap of facile predictability, even when it makes a serious ef-

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fort, as in the case of Peter Davis's book, to sort out the paradoxes. The new school of interpretation almost unfailingly follows the same pattern: everything that is past is tragedy and suffering. The revolutionary present has its problems. The future is full of hope. And those who are opposed to the revolution are reactionaries, Somocistas, benighted peasants, Indians deceived and manipulated by the CIA, a middle class devoted to conspicuous consumption, the Church hierarchy. By contrast, the "revolutionary family" consists of the young people, Catholic priests with a vocation to serve the poor, and, above all, the vast majority of Nicaraguans, who have the right to criticize the revolutionary process from within, where criticism is inspired by love and loyalty.

From such a perspective, the only possible purpose in studying the past is to justify whatever minor sins the revolution may have committed. Thus, the "errors" of the Sandinistas are more than counterbalanced by a long history of injustice, dictatorship, and intervention by the United States. Moreover, the fact of underdevelopment affords the new class a license to experiment freely, and even to make mistakes without anyone—especially the classes "defeated" by the revolutionary process—having the right to raise the slightest objection. According to this simplistic logic, the people are better off today than they were yesterday, by definition. What reason to complicate our understanding of their past by dwelling on its mysteries? A caricature will suffice.

PETER DAVIS has a slightly different way with this approach. To understand Nicaraguan history, he went to the archives where old newsreels are kept. That is, before his two (two!) visits to Nicaragua, he devoted hours to old film footage of the country. As he says, "Since pictures convey, however momentarily, a sense of being somewhere else, I hoped to get a feel for the people and terrain of a country I had never seen." Thus his first images of the country were of Marines disembarking at the port of Corinto, and of the first Somoza, already overweight, receiving Calderón Guardia, president of Costa Rica, on a state visit. These images inspire Davis's pen:

> At an airfield in 1943, President Calderón of Costa Rica alights from a Cadillac limousine and waits while Somoza I, now in a general's uniform, climbs out after him. It is Somoza's birthday, and an honor guard attends, ready to salute him. Somoza has swelled toward blimphood in the newsreel, and Calderón of Costa Rica watches as though he cannot believe that so much man can get out of a single car even if it is a limo. As Somoza strains to get out the Cadillac's door, the camera notices that he has, curiously, an iron cross similar to the Germans' on top of his hat. . . . Gold braid drips from his uniform as he salutes the honor guard, who troop by him with bayonets on their rifles. They are doing a goose step they did not learn at Fort Benning or Camp Lejeune. In succeeding decades, hemispheric historians have speculated on Latin dictators' affinity for the Axis cause. Did Somoza secretly want the Germans to win? Was that his generation's, and class's, fantasy of independence from the United States? Did the dictator hope to trade his status as American puppet for that of a Nazi proconsul in the Western hemisphere?

THE TRUTH, alas, is that Somoza was above all a practical man; he could never have allowed himself the luxury of such fantasies. In those days the dictator saw his interests quite clearly, and took advantage of World War II to confiscate the property of Nicaraguan citizens of German and Italian origin. (That was the origin of his fortune.) If there was someone who dreamed Nazi-Fascist dreams in Nicaragua, it was the young Granadine intellectual José Coronel Urtecho, who had fallen for Mussolini as the redeemer of the Latin race in its supposedly eternal struggle against the Anglo-Saxon.

For the young Coronel Urtecho, as for many Nicaraguans of his generation, Anastasio Somoza was the local equivalent of the Duce; he had been called to save our tiny province from the lethargy into which it had been submerged for over a century by the leading families of our two historic cities. Young José coined the famous slogan (recited in English) "Somoza Forever!" Today the 83-year-old Coronel Urtecho has become one of the leading intellectuals of the Sandinista Front, like so many other Somocistas of his generation.

The first Somoza, as befit a representative of the "new towns," made his first alliance with the "progressive" forces of the period, with workers, artisans, and professionals. His rule rested on newer social classes, which were, in considerable measure, his own creation, allied in the struggle against the traditional elites of León and Granada. It is worth recalling that Vicente Lombardo Toledano, the great Marxist leader of the Mexican trade union movement, never tired of publicly congratulating Somoza on what Lombardo Toledano referred to as one of the most progressive labor codes in Latin America. And this was the same Somoza who co-opted many of Sandino's followers into his political machine (after ordering Sandino's assassination).

To complicate matters still further, it was Somoza who allowed the entry into Nicaragua of Republican refugees fleeing Franco's Spain, placing them in charge of the institutions of public education that his Liberal administration was opening all over the country. Those were the years when the Communist Party, and the trade unions it often dominated, took to the streets to cheer Gen. Anastasio Somoza García—a point often made with bitterness by Carlos Fonseca, founder of the Sandinista Front. But these are details of the sort that do not fit into a 30-second film clip.

FOR THE Nicaraguan people, democracy has been an endless quest, a profoundly popular aspiration. For them, it reduces to a basic proposition: the right to be a citizen, free of militarism and the caprices of a "strongman." The genius of Tercerismo, of the faction led by the Ortega brothers in the Sandinista Front, was that it alone understood the Nicaraguan expectation of democracy, and therefore the importance of a tactical adjustment in the revolutionary rhetoric. Thus, like the Somozas some 44 years before, they offered the people *democracía*. Eventually Tercerismo became the hegemonic trend within Sandinismo; but it began by arguing that the new Nicaragua would more nearly resemble Costa Rica than Cuba. (Nicaraguans have always admired the calm of Costa Rica.) It even recruited genuinely heroic personalities such as Edén Pastora (subsequently a "counterrevolutionary"), whose style was so obviously folkloric that it freed the movement from all suspicion of being Communist.

Finally it was the assassination of Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, editor of *La Prensa* and "candidate of the bourgeoisie" (that maximum expression of "formal democracy"), that brought people into the streets, and unleashed a chain of insurrections large and small. By 1977 all of the social forces that had emerged during 44 years of Somocismo converged to demand political representation; this corresponded with the transformation of Nicaragua's economic base and its class configuration. The country had entered its period of transition to modernity, but

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in the midst of this process it was still inhibited by remnants of a sick political culture, sick, indeed, to the point of dementia.

PETER DAVIS prides himself on his interest in the details. For example, he took the trouble to look up a man whom he calls the "last Marine" in Nicaragua—a certain Mr. Atha, who, like several of his number, chose to marry a local woman and remain in the country after the American occupation came to an end. For Davis, Atha symbolizes one of the many paradoxes of the Sandinista revolution. For, as he writes, "the last Marine in Nicaragua drew neither social security nor a military pension from the United States. But in one of the revolution's routine ironies, Stanley Atha did receive a Nicaraguan government pension from the Sandinistas for having trained the National Guard for the Somozas."

Delicious, is it not? But the most important detail of this little story, which Davis does not know or willfully withholds, is that Atha is no ordinary ex-Marine. He is the father of Paul Atha, assistant to Interior Minister Tomás Borge for "special projects," that is, business deals. Thus the irony of the tale is somewhat less rich than it first appears: the old Marine is fully protected by his son, who is not without influence at the center of power. Moreover, the old man's pension is paid in *córdobas* (the local currency) in an amount that, at an annual rate of inflation of 1,000 percent, does not allow him to buy even a dozen eggs on the black market. But not to worry: as a high government official, old Atha's son has access to dollars, which make a world of difference in the new Nicaragua.

What really matters in the new Nicaragua, according to Davis, is who has arms. Davis says, "The government gives them out to everyone—to defend Nicaragua. If the government of El Salvador, Honduras, or Guatemala did that, it would fall tomorrow." One cannot help wondering if it has ever occurred to Davis that the Sandinistas do not provide these militiamen with bullets to put in their rifles. Nor does he seem to grasp that one of the most efficient forms of social control for any government is the militarization of society. Is Davis really unaware that the ORDEN movement in El Salvador in the late 1960s and '70s was made up of at least 200,000 armed peasants organized into cantonal formation, disposed to vote any day of the week for the ultrarightist Roberto D'Aubuisson? Is he ignorant too of the experience of Gen. Ríos Montt in Guatemala, who offered "beans and rifles" to rural communities in his campaign of indiscriminate counterterror against the Guatemalan guerrilla movement?

But let us move to what Davis has to say about Daniel and Rosario Ortega. These two symbolize the union of free love, the ideal marriage in the new Nicaragua:

> Together they make a handsome couple, but they are not charismatic and have made no attempt to place themselves before the public as embodiments of the national will. This requires some restraint in a country whose peasantry, under the influence of religious iconography and the traditional self-promotion of *caudillos* who seize power, is given readily to hero worship.

Here Davis is not wide off the mark. Neither Daniel nor Rosario has been blessed with charisma. But this does not mean that Daniel and Rosario (with her intrigues) are not interested in self-promotion, particularly since he ascended to the presidency.

Until two or three years ago, there was something approaching a balance of power between the *comandantes* of the revolution. Other members of the national directorate—above all, Tomás Borge and Bayardo Arce—continually reiterated the principle of collective leadership; they permitted no actions that might advance the interests of Daniel Ortega above and beyond his colleagues. But in the "elections" of 1984, the ballot box was mobilized for the Ortega family, and Daniel Ortega became primus inter pares in the ruling circle.

With this electoral coup, the Ortega family could use institutional legality to advance its interests, and also to enhance Daniel's public image. Nowadays, one need only peruse the government daily *Barricada* to get some sense of his primacy, particularly over Borge, whose picture no longer appears on the front page receiving or bidding farewell to foreign delegations, not even to Witnesses for Peace. No, the spotlight is now entirely on Daniel. He and Rosario appear and reappear in every form imaginable—as patrons of national art, as hosts of foreign delegations, as the dispensers of land titles to peasants in the northern part of the country.

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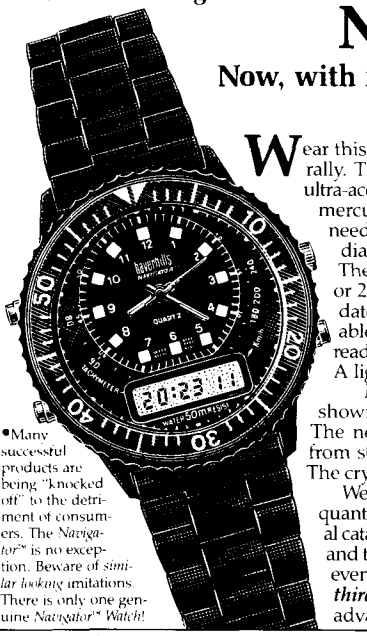

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was featured in a curious rig, half-guerrilla, half-baseball player, with Rosario and his children at his side, in *People* magazine. In Nicaraguan culture, much more importance is placed on one's ability to shine in the major media markets abroad than in the sorry, shallow outlets at home. To be known among one's own tribe is no particular accomplishment; at home everybody knows who we are, and who we are not. What is important is to maintain one's pertinence abroad. My father, Arturo J. Cruz, whom Davis dismisses as a "counterrevolutionary leader," says the darkest day in the life of any Nicaraguan, *contra* or Sandinista, from Adolfo Calero to Daniel Ortega, will be when he no longer appears in the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post*. *That* may be the kind of blockade we Nicaraguans need, and deserve.

For his part, Humberto, Daniel's younger brother, has let no grass grow under his feet. To the degree that the revolution acquires a certain measure of maturity, the rank of *comandante*—whether in the party bureaucracy, the state apparatus, or the army—shrinks to purely symbolic importance. This explains why Humberto, driven to "institutionalize" the Sandinista revolution, has opted to resurrect military ranks in the army. And the only five-star general is . . . Humberto himself. In all of this, in the presidency of Daniel and the self-promotion of Humberto, the Ortegas have managed to replicate in revolutionary Nicaragua the venerable formula of Somocista Nicaragua. That is, one brother in the presidency and the other in charge of the armed forces. Anyway, Fidel did the same in Cuba.

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DAVIS ASSURES us that the Sandinista revolution does not have in its leading ranks (with a few notable exceptions) young men from the upper bourgeoisie. If "Dimas" were alive and could read English, he would take exception to Davis's conclusions. "Dimas" was the nom de guerre of a Sandinista soldier prior to his defection to the *contras*. After the Sandinista triumph, "Dimas" became famous throughout the country by protesting to Humberto Ortega about the makeup of his general staff, which was heavy with "historic" last names such as Cardenal, Cuadra, Baltodano, Carrión, and Lacayo. Where was "Charrasca," the popular hero of the insurrection of León? Where were the sons of the authentic people? To be sure, many of the *comandantes*—notably, Henry Ruiz and René Nuñéz—come from humble origins. But where do we put guerrilla commander Oswaldo Lacayo, married to one of Joaquín's sisters and one of the most important architects of the government's counterinsurgency policy, which was begun with the arrival of Soviet helicopters? Or Luis Carrión Cruz, another *comandante* of the revolution, who studied at Phillips Exeter Academy, where he is recalled with a pride that borders on intoxication?

All of this is a roundabout way of saying something that is obvious to any Nicaraguan: the sons and daughters of our traditional families have become part and parcel of the Ortega dispensation, just as they were with Somoza. The Somozas, after all, made the state their family patrimony. The same may yet happen with the Ortegas. It would appear that Nicaragua has emerged from an obsolete form of Somocismo to a form more scientific, more modern. Finally the political history of Nicaragua may be marked by three family revolutions: the Zelayas in the 19th century, and the Somozas and the Ortegas in the 20th. Had he known this, Davis would not have to ask "what direction the Sandinistas will take when they are no longer in the continual state of emergency the counterrevolutionaries have forced on them. What will they do if peace breaks out? Will they consolidate like Castro or will they diversify like the Mexicans?"

One takes leave of *Where Is Nicaragua?* with regret: so much more cries out for correction. For example, Davis's claim that after the seizure of the Presidential Palace by the Sandinistas in 1978, the insurgents under Edén Pastora, successful in obtaining their demands from Somoza, left for Cuba. He is wrong; they departed for Panama, under the protection of the then-archbishop of Managua, Obando y Bravo. But—this is the crucial point—later, when their movements no longer made the news, many of them went to Cuba. Can it be that Davis does not know that the Sandinistas created a democratic face for public consumption?

I would have liked to comment at length on the way that Davis describes Obando y Bravo, or the government's handling of the trade unions or the economic crisis, or the matter of the Committees of Sandinista Defense, or his observations on the difference between two brothers (both of whom I know quite well), Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, a *contra*, and Carlos Fernando Chamorro, a Sandinista. But perhaps I have managed to convey at least a sense of how Davis regards my country: as a sort of exquisite toy theater in which to stage his political fantasies.

IV.

BY 1970, with "Tachito" in power and the Somoza dynasty nearing its 30th anniversary, the youth of Nicaragua became enamored of the memory of Gen. Augusto Sandino. It was really an image that they revered, which they found in yellowing photographs from the 1920s—the wide-brimmed cowboy hat, the revolver on his belt, the knee-high boots, the red and black bandana. The legend was rich with the kind of materials that inspire romantics—for example, the craven circumstances under which he was assassinated by the first Somoza, or the fact that his final resting place is still unknown.

The Sandino that the Nicaraguans "knew" was a mystical figure, remembered principally for heroic gestures and lofty symbols. He was the general who, in a temporary fit of madness, had dared to lead the peasants of the Segovias to challenge the United States in 1927. His political philosophy, however, was

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markedly vague: it mixed all manner of "doctrines" and "sciences," including a belief in reincarnation. Sandino was a theosophist, an anarchist, a syndicalist, a vegetarian. He believed in cosmology, and in the struggle of different races: the Indo-Hispanoamerican (his own) against the "barbarous" Anglo-Saxon (the enemy). With these bizarre beliefs Sandino did not depart markedly from other Nicaraguan military-political chieftains. All of the leaders in those days mixed convenience, doctrine, and imagery more or less indiscriminately. What tied a Nicaraguan leader to his followers was finally something personal—a form of loyalty appropriate to a world of atavisms.

THIS JUMBLE of esoteric ideas was what originally led most Nicaraguan Marxists to disdain Sandino. Many of the more "orthodox" members of the Sandinista Front even questioned whether he was the most appropriate symbol of their struggle. For Comandante Henry Ruiz, for example, Sandino lacked ideological coherence: his political program had no "scientific rigor." And besides, by embracing what was obviously a confused and inchoate body of thought, did the Front not run the risk of confusing the masses and compounding their already serious problem of "false consciousness"?

But Carlos Fonseca, the founder of the Sandinista Front, never yielded in his insistence that Sandino's should be the banner of his movement. What mattered to him was the legend of the general, and its utility in capturing the popular imagination. Fonseca was not wrong. (Curiously, Pedro Joaquín Chamorro Sr. also took Sandino's thought seriously; for years he reproduced passages from Sandino's letters and proclamations in the pages of *La Prensa*.) Thus the very incoherence of Sandino's political thought became a useful legacy: each could interpret him according to his own preferences. For reformers, he was one of them. For the Sandinista Front, he provided a useful mask to hide Marxist-Leninist inclinations; its leaders could simply say, "We are Sandinistas." Everyone could be a "Sandinista" of sorts.

For Donald C. Hodges, however, Sandino's ideological confusion is merely an appearance: the vagueness, the obscurity, the contradictions are all part of a "Machiavellian scheme." According to Hodges, Sandino masked his true intentions; in fact he had a clearly thought-out revolutionary doctrine. Hodges elevates what others might find merely baffling into a high political strategy, and makes of inconsistency and contradiction a virtue. As he writes in the preface to his book, "Sandino more than most revolutionary leaders successfully disguised the aims of his movement behind a bizarre and mysterious symbolism that even the Sandinistas have failed to decipher."

Hodges has arrived to explain it all. He will provide Sandino with a coherence and a method (about as daunting a task as making sense, say, of the "thought" of Edén Pastora). Thus, just as Pedro Joaquín Chamorro found his Sandino in the writings of our guerrilla hero, and the Sandinistas found theirs, so too has Hodges found his. Hodges's Sandino, far from being a democratic nationalist, turns out to be a sort of sylvan Marxist, who, with characteristic native shrewdness, succeeded in adapting a Central European doctrine to the conditions of a religious peasant society.

THERE ARE mistakes in Hodges's book. For example, he suggests that Comandante Jaime Wheelock dedicated his book *Imperialismo y dictadura: crisis de una formación social* (1976) to Edelberto Torres-Rivas, because "Torres-Rivas's analysis of Central American dependence serves as a starting point for Wheelock's investigations." In fact the book is dedicated to Edelberto Torres, the father of Torres-Rivas, whom Fonseca called "the patron saint of all Nicaraguan revolutionaries." Now, this is the very Edelberto Torres who, in April 1982, 80 years old and a lifetime of left-wing militance behind him, drafted the manifesto of Edén Pastora, together with Arturo Cruz Sr., against the *comandantes* of the Sandinista Front.

But it is the past, not the present, that is Hodges's subject. He has come to decipher the esoteric symbols and the hidden meanings in Sandino's thoughts and deeds. Like most Nicaraguans, I find the Sandino of symbols more interesting than the Sandino of ideas. I find nothing esoteric and nothing hidden anywhere. Such a view is clearly uncongenial to Hodges:

> In a letter written to Abraham Rivera (February 1931), he likened his wife, Blanca Arauz, to Mary, that is to say, Eve, who came with Adam and other missionary spirits to redeem humanity, "missionary spirits who . . . are among us directed by their own leaders." The inference should be clear. Sandino's Defending Army was be-

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ing directed by missionary spirits under the leadership of Adam and Eve. If Sandino's wife, Blanca, was a reincarnation of Mary's spirit, who was originally incarnate in Eve, then Sandino was a reincarnation of Joseph's spirit, who was the original Adam.

This is the Sandino who, according to his followers, was "the old man," possessed of "fantastic and supernatural attributes . . . to the point of inspiring a kind of blind fanaticism." But the same superstition has often been attached to other Nicaraguan leaders: to Cleto Ordóñez (known also as the Warlock), to Bernabé Somoza (the man "protected by Providence"), to Emiliano Chamorro (against whom bullets were supposed to have no effect). Most of all, the myth of Sandino reminds me of Edén Pastora. By the time he turned *contra*, Pastora's soldiers called him, too, "the old man"; they liked to say that he was possessed of the ability to appear in several places at once. And, like Sandino, Edén believes in reincarnation. He is inclined to say that he is Sandino returned in a different form.

SANDINO WAS the illegitimate son of a wealthy man (wealthy by the provincial standards of his hometown) and a domestic servant whose last name was Calderón. Later, when Augusto Calderón Sandino—as he styled himself—was finally recognized by his father, he lost no time in discarding his matronymic and changing his name to Augusto César Sandino. Nicaraguan history is full of illegitimate sons of famous fathers, right down to Carlos Fonseca himself, one of the illegitimate sons of Don Carlos Amador, the administrator of the rural properties of the Somoza Association.

Young Sandino sought to leave the country, like many other frustrated young men in the provinces. Even the poet Rubén Darío, later so famous in Spanish letters, was advised to put Nicaragua behind him, which he did through a scholarship to study abroad provided by the government. Sandino and the Nicaraguans of his time were all outward-looking, fascinated with the world. While many emigrated for periods of time, almost all returned home to enjoy what local recognition they could. There are no Nicaraguans who have not once dreamed of quitting their tiny province; and there are none who have quit it who have not wished in the end to return to what remains, in our collective fantasy, the center of the universe.

Sandino's escape was to Mexico, and from there he returned to Nicaragua to enlist in one of its many civil wars between Conservatives and Liberals. According to Hodges:

> In the struggle against the Conservative dictator Emiliano Chamorro, the Liberal Party christened its forces the "Constitutionalist Army" after its Mexican Revolution counterpart. Apparently, Sandino believed that Nicaraguan Liberals were about to make a revolution like the Mexican that would be both anti-oligarchical and anti-imperialist.

Actually, during the brief period in the mid-1920s when Nicaragua was freed from the occupation of some 100 Marines, Emiliano Chamorro staged a military coup against a bipartisan administration led by Don Carlos Solorzano (Conservative) and Juan Bautista Sacasa (Liberal). The *caudillo* seized the La Loma garrison and styled himself the military chief of the Republic.

IN SHORT ORDER Nicaragua was once again torn by civil war. The Liberal revolution under the command of Juan Bautista Sacasa as constitutional president and José María Moncada as chief of its army broke out on the Atlantic coast in May 1926. It was an affair concocted with 1,500 rifles and 6,000 silver Mexican pesos. The Americans obligated Emiliano to quit La Loma and installed Adolfo Díaz in his place. But the civil war continued. In 1927 the Americans intervened with 5,000 men, in order to establish what they called "neutral zones." But what they were really trying to do was to prevent a Liberal victory. After all, in the eyes of the Americans, the Liberals were stained by the legacy of José Santos Zelaya and worse, in the mid-'20s, by their acceptance of Mexican silver. They seemed not to care that, prior to going to Mexico City in search of aid, Sacasa had been in Washington seeking American backing, or that Moncada had been pro-American since the war of the Atlantic coast in 1909.

Sandino was one of Moncada's 17 generals, and became one of the heroes of the battle of Palo Alto. Moncado had sought refuge in Palo Alto after suffering losses, but he was surrounded by the Conservative armies, now under the command of Emiliano Chamorro (who had by then changed sides and gone over to the Americans). Sandino, who was in the "La Leonesa" mine, raised a force of 200 men and, together with General Parajon's cavalry, succeeded in breaking the ring of Conservative troops around Moncada and his men, who then broke out. For Moncada, the valiant Sandino was a natural guerrilla warrior. As he wrote, "He abhors sunlight, open field, and plains; his natural environment is the ambush."

But in Nicaragua everyone ends up reaching an understanding with everyone else. Coolidge sent Henry Stimson as special envoy to Nicaragua; in May 1927 he advised Moncada to surrender his arms and recognize President Díaz, a "request" to which Moncada responded by advising Stimson that the constitutional president of Nicaragua was Sacasa, that to recognize Díaz would be equivalent to conceding that he and others had unleashed a civil war for the sake of their own ambition. Stimson memorably replied, "My government has recognized President Díaz, and the United States of America is incapable of making a mistake." And to emphasize the justice of his cause, Stimson brought along Admiral Latimer and 5,000 Marines. Moncada, a practical man, chose to disarm his troops. Stimson promised him the presidency in 1929, and Moncada was happy to wait his turn.

FOR MONCADA, a typical product of the "new towns," the agreement with Stimson amounted to the deposing of Sacasa and Chamorro (that is, of the powers in *both* León and Granada) in one swoop. What nobody counted on, however, was the insane tenacity of the guerrilla leader Sandino. He refused to go along with the plan and disarm. Sandino and his people marched through Darío, and veered in the direction of Jinotega to install themselves in the mountainous region of the Segovias, where the *contras* are camped today.

Thus began Sandino's war, which would become famous for its cruelty. Hodges quotes with approval Sandino's statement that "liberty is not conquered with flowers but with bullets, and that is why we have had to use the VEST CUT, GOURD CUT, and BLOOMERS CUT." Hodges glosses: "In the 'vest cut' the offender's head was lopped off with a machete and his arms severed at the shoulders; in the 'gourd cut' the top of the victim's skull was sliced off; in the 'bloomers cut' the traitor's legs were hacked off at the knees and he was left to bleed to death." But for Hodges all of this cruelty was an inevitable reaction of the "noble savage," as it were, to the fact that the Marines persecuted and killed Sandino's men as if they were "wild ani-

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mals or 'bandits' who did not qualify as prisoners of war."

Of course, Sandino's peasant army did not need to borrow these techniques of cruelty. All of this is deeply rooted in pre-Colombian culture, where human sacrifice was a daily fact of life, in the violence of the conquerors, and in the acts of local military chieftains during the many civil wars after independence. The truth is that there was never a peasant war in Latin America that was not stained by atrocity, from Zapata in Mexico through Sandino in the 1920s right down to the *contras* of the present day. Nobody is as merciless as a peasant risen in arms.

EVENTUALLY Sandino too found a way of settling his differences with his rivals. Sacasa would be the next president; the Marines would leave; and Sandino would be the "political administrator" of a good part of the country's northern region. By December 1932, according to Hodges:

> The American ambassador in Managua had asked retiring president Moncada to appoint Anastasio Somoza as head of the National Guard. A Liberal of Moncada's stripe, Somoza was considered by the United States to be one of its faithful servants. Since incoming president Sacasa was of dubious value to the United States because of his willingness to negotiate with Sandino, Somoza was installed as the head of a virtual government of his own.

(Once again, though, we must introduce a Nicaraguan complexity: it was Somoza's wife, Doña Yoya, who was the decisive factor in his promotion. She was the favorite niece of the incoming president, who in typical fashion wanted a relative in control of the weapons.)

With great perspicacity, Sandino noted that the departure of the Marines left two powers in Nicaragua: his own and Somoza's (the National Guard). He proposed that north of Tuma should be his territory, and south of Tuma the government's. Within days he was assassinated on Somoza's orders. The man who frequently said—as Hodges reminds us—"that death is only a moment of displeasure not to be taken seriously" wept when the moment arrived and urinated in his pants. Umanzor, one of his generals who was assassinated with him, is supposed to have said, "No point in crying now, general: I told you we shouldn't put our heads on the chopping block by coming to Managua in the first place." Sandino replied, "I am crying not out of fear, but out of anger!" Within a short time Somoza—with the support of the Granadines and Moncada—deposed President Sacasa. Afterward, he would put Granadines in their place, and the men of the "new towns" would acquire complete control of the country.

We are still living under the shadow of the Somozas: that is the national tragedy of Nicaragua. Though the last four decades have represented a kind of social earthquake in Nicaragua—radical change in the economy and in the class structure—political elites have continued the old-fashioned ways of personalistic, *caudillo* politics. *Contras* or Sandinistas, we are all the children of Somoza: the 44-year reign of the Somoza family was the highest expression of our political culture, which is what stands in the way of democracy in Nicaragua.

CIVIL RIGHTS, CIVIL WRONGS

And We Are Not Saved by Derrick Bell

(Basic Books, 288 pp., $19.95)

In countless ways, black people in America have grappled with the tension between the disappointments of a mean history and their unflagging attempts at faith. As James Cone, the black theologian, observed, the injunction of the gospel line "Oh Mary, don't you weep, don't you moan/Pharaoh's army got drownded" expressed in song the "liberating encounter with the One who is the Author of black faith and existence." In less transcendent ways, blacks have affirmed faith through pride in their powers of survival, and the steely desire to "keep on keepin' on." This book is Derrick Bell's way of testifying, in his own cerebral fashion, to this same spiritual challenge.

The book has the appearance, at least formally, of movement toward renewal; it closes with the words from a black spiritual, "Done made my vow to the Lord, and I never will turn back. Oh, I will go. I shall go. To see what the end will be." But this refrain, tacked on at the end, seems strained and unconvincing, like whistling in the dark. The controlling mood of lament is set, rather, by the inscription from Jeremiah that starts the book: "The Harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

And We Are Not Saved does not seem to concern matters of faith. It purports to measure the much vaunted "progress" of blacks since *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, and the wisdom and the folly of two decades of civil rights litigation. Bell, a professor at Harvard Law School, provocatively seeks after answers in ten chronicles, as he calls the meditative vignettes he has fashioned from the materials of allegory and science fiction. This mismatch of narrative style and policy analysis declares from the outset that Bell will play fast and loose with established forms. Quite literally, the book is an expansion of a non sequitur: asked by the editors of the *Harvard Law Review* to write a note assessing the 1985 Supreme Court term, Bell replied with the first of his fictional chronicles. That choice reflects a larger ambivalence about the conventions of legal scholarship and their capacity to arrive at truth.

At the center of the chronicles is an imaginary character named Geneva Crenshaw. As Bell tells it, she joined the NAACP Legal Defense Fund fresh out of law school and became a revered fighter for black rights in the South during the early 1960s. Run off the road by rednecks during the Mississippi Summer Project in 1963, she recovered physically, but "her mind wandered in realms where medical science could not follow." Now, in the year of bicentennial celebrations of the Constitution, she is back, and she summons her old friend—the book's narrator, a colleague in those Southern struggles and one of the lone black professors in a distinguished law school—to a reunion.

Geneva plies him with herbal tea and tells him of strange encounters that have given her luminous insight into the black plight. At first the professor is skeptical, but he relents. From the first chronicle, he learns that Geneva migrated through time, warning the Founding Fathers at the Constitutional Convention against

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the terrible racial contradiction they were building into American society. In another chronicle, Geneva saves the life of a racist Southern senator, a real Bilbotype and the sponsor of a bill that would keep blacks from gaining elected office. The tabloids declare, "BLACK WOMAN SAVES A LIFE, DOOMS HER RACE."

In good lawyerly fashion, Bell surrounds these surreal hypotheticals with endless commentary, as Geneva and the professor argue and work toward truth, which is revealed in the closing pages. Ascending to a vacancy on a celestial black Supreme Court that is split between its back-to-Africa right and its nationalistic-revolutionary left, Geneva will point the way to black salvation: beyond civil rights strategies, toward a coalition of all the oppressed, white and black, against the inequities of American society.

DESPITE THE literary patina, *And We Are Not Saved* is an insistently didactic tract that highlights the failures of the civil rights movement: its ideology of integration and its reliance on litigation. In this revisionist telling, racial progress has been largely a mirage. Perversely, every victory for blacks has been really a gift to whites. According to Bell's mechanistic law, "Reforms resulting from civil rights litigation invariably promote the interests of the white majority." Dewy-eyed civil rights lawyers cannot admit that the due process clause of the 14th Amendment helped corporations more than it helped blacks, that women and the disabled have benefitted more than blacks from the equal protection clause, that *Brown* mainly conferred "economic and political benefits at home and abroad" on policy-making whites. "As a token minority law teacher," one character instructs Geneva, "you provided an alien institution with a facade of respectability of far more value to them than any aid you gave to either minority students or the cause of black people."

Bell's criticism has a curiously dated flavor. Undoubtedly some civil rights lawyers invested litigation with magical qualities. Many of their favorite remedies—like affirmative action and busing—never could have made more than a dent in the suffering of poor blacks. None of this is exactly news. Long ago, people like Charles Hamilton, Bayard Rustin, and William Julius Wilson warned that liberal rights would not, could not, solve blacks' economic problems. An inflated faith in the courts had been dashed for many black leaders by the mid-1960s. Those who *did* continue to exaggerate the role that law could play in black advance were, naturally enough, the small coterie of civil rights lawyers.

TO SOME extent, then, Bell's book is about the narrowed horizons and the extravagant hopes of a specialized stratum of activists, and Bell's deferred effort to come to terms with his own commitments and disenchantment. Still, contemporary liberals might well profit from Bell's often telling jabs at civil rights ideology, as well as his call for crafting universalist rhetoric and policies that unite blacks and whites. Unfortunately, he envelops that wisdom in a social analysis that is simply reckless, and incoherent.

The truth is that, in less than 20 years, the castelike structures of segregation were dismantled. Blacks entered jobs previously denied them, expanded their power in local and national politics, and profoundly changed the way they thought about themselves. Meanwhile, significant numbers of whites went through a virtual re-education in their thinking about race. (Lest anyone deem such gains merely symbolic, one should consider the role of black power in thwarting the Bork nomination.) Measured against Bell's metaphoric standard of salvation, these advances, admittedly uneven and incomplete, may look paltry. But to dismiss them as "cosmetic," or to say that blacks today are little better off than their slave forebears two centuries ago, betrays an amazing and highly intellectualized distance from ordinary black people.

That none of these developments heralded the millennium, especially for millions of poor blacks, is painfully obvious. This is the objective context of Bell's pessimism and frustration. But Bell fails to shed any light on this sad coexistence of advance and decline. Instead of carefully sorting out the complex factors that have led to the current racial situation, Bell flees into simplistic generalities.

Blacks have faced a formidable set of challenges in recent decades: achieving meaningful citizenship, securing political power, fighting internal demoralization, gaining economic status, reducing white racism. The pattern of success and failure has not been the same in each of these areas. Bell collapses all such distinctions into a gloomy single picture of stagnation. Even in the area of greatest failure, economic well-being, Bell does not see that if formal rights alone do not improve the life chances of the poor, they are probably a condition for betterment. That women, the disabled, and gays also profited from expansive rights in no way diminishes the gains of blacks. The generalization of rights to other groups endures as one of the black movement's triumphs.

Bell's confusion is most evident in his account of the reasons for the lack of black progress. True to his profession, he suggests that the major hurdles remain legal ones. He argues that the equal protection clause provides little practical help to blacks, because its suspect classification standard is not applied to "facially neutral social and economic legislation [which] may wreak havoc on blacks because of their past deprivation." Elsewhere, Bell has the professor make the case that blacks cannot purge self-hatred unless they are taught "that the racism of whites, rather than the deficiencies of blacks, causes our lowly position."

But even if categories as vague as "deficiencies" and "racism" can be deemed causes, they are not mutually exclusive. Moreover, other factors have affected black life chances in recent decades: structural shifts in the American economy, conditions in the international economy, and the disorganization of ghetto life. These factors do not fall easily into the categories of black deficiencies or white racism. Finally, the existence of

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self-hatred points to internal factors that might impede advancement. To complicate matters, Bell concedes that the disadvantages of blacks are "now as likely to be a result as much of social class as of color." This suggests that the progress that blacks have failed to make is more economic than racial. Then Bell careens, "We are for all intents and purposes still maintained in a subordinate state by the so-called neutral policies of a still-racist society because—for God's sake—we are not white!" What happened to class?

When all is said and done, Geneva and the narrator return almost compulsively to racism as the prime culprit in black misfortune. In the chronicles, all the diversity and complexity of whites' racial attitudes yield to the monolithic image of uncaring, racist beings who are unmoved by pleas for justice. The crude racism of Jim Crow has simply given way to more subtle and oblique varieties. Whites oppose affirmative action, or any schemes to grant blacks a fixed proportion of elected officials, not for a mix of reasons, but because they must dominate people of color. But if Bell is correct about the depth of this wish to preserve racial domination, why should whites reach out and make common cause with others, as Bell advises?

For Bell, racism is a polemical incantation, not a crisply defined concept. The discussion between Geneva and the professor in "The Chronical of the DeVine Gift" is instructive. Of course, the professor notes, "white law teachers aren't bigots in the redneck, sheet-wearing sense." Clearly they are bigots in some other sense. Two kinds of "evidence" support this verdict. First, the long history of belief in black inferiority "undergirds a cultural sense of what Professor Manning Marable has identified as the 'ideological hegemony' of white racism." This is not evidence, but assertion; that Manning Marable uttered a slogan does not make it any less a slogan.

Second, the white law school implementing an affirmative action program would likely accept six black colleagues, but balk at the seventh. Once again, this scenario comes not from actual life, but from the chronicle that Bell has merely imagined. Geneva admits that "no one, of course, can prove *whether* a faculty would react as mine did," but "for our purposes, the more interesting question is *why* a faculty would if it did." The answer, which must be true by definition, is "a culturally ingrained response by whites to any situation in which whites aren't in a clearly dominant role." Is this supposed to be serious analysis?

As these leaps and evasions show, Bell's book never escapes the limitations of its hybrid form. Allegory is simply not a good way to answer the kinds of questions that Bell is asking. To justify his approach, Bell quotes Kim Crenshaw: "Allegory offers a method of discourse that allows us to critique legal norms in an ironically contextualized way." But ironic critique is not the same thing as dispassionate understanding, and Bell misunderstands precisely what sort of truths allegory illuminates.

These lapses of logic and evidence do not mean that Bell's book is without interest, only that what is interesting about the book must be found on another plane. Its drawbacks for analysis aside, fantasy does reveal much about how people experience the world. If Bell fails to explain the current black predicament, he does convey "how black people (or some of us) feel about it." *And We Are Not Saved* poignantly captures the wounds of vulnerability, mistrust, and disappointment that form the less tangible legacy of a racially divided society.

In one of Bell's most touching chronicles, an amber cloud descends on white privileged adolescents, leaving them stricken with a horrible affliction that the media dubs Ghetto Disease. "Youngsters who had been alert, personable, and confident became lethargic, suspicious, withdrawn, and hopelessly insecure." Immediately the government mobilizes; they will spare no expense to find a cure. Finding a cure, they dispense it with dispatch, and America reclaims its lost and alien children. But when civil rights leaders seek to apply the cure to ghetto youths, a chorus of callous rejection greets them. On this plane of feeling, what does it matter whether racism, Lockean individualism, or greedy self-absorption accounts for it? How can blacks not feel angry and disheartened by the apparent indifference of whites to *their* afflictions?

ACCOMPLISHMENT and stature do not insulate blacks from such feelings. On a dark country road, the professor tenses as a police car passes. His quickening anxiety takes him back to another dark road, years before in Louisiana, when a state trooper stopped him and accused him of thefts "committed by some damn nigger." He realized then that his life "lay totally at the whim of any white person I encountered." Have things changed? Pulling out of the reverie, the professor catches up to the cop who passed him earlier, who has flagged a black driver. She claims the cop is harassing her, and when the professor tries to intervene, the cop takes out his revolver. "Not since the early civil rights struggles had anyone pointed a gun at me." He announces that he is a lawyer, but to no avail; so he invokes his friends, the president of the state university and the dean of its law school. "I had surrendered a bit of my manhood. Using the names of well-known white men as a shield against the cop's anger was but a contemporary form of the shuffling my forebears had had to do, a form of . . . 'scratchin' when it don't itch and laughin' when it ain't funny.' "

Never mind that we can imagine something similar happening to a white man who intervened in an arrest. The point is that Bell's white colleagues at Harvard presumably do not have these

A Past-Due Notice

It isn't what you think; it's what you say
You see—they were . . . not hidden by the sea . . .
You never should have spoken your dismay

And yet you did, beside Great Heron Bay,
Though with such pinched, such dry formality . . .
It isn't what you think, it's what you say,

"I saw the two of you out on the quay."
He smiled his perfect smile, "not quay; it's key."
He never seemed to notice my dismay.

I spoke again. He turned and walked away
As he so often had; he'd seldom disagree.
It isn't what you think; it's what you say

And what you don't; we both avoid the fray.
The herons mimicked our civility.
They never seemed to notice our dismay.

Ulysses won't return—no passion play
For us, but then I'm not that Penelope:
The wine-dark sea I see as dark red ink.
It isn't what you say; it's what you think.

CYNTHIA MACDONALD

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worries. For Bell, though, things are not so simple. His imaginary encounter with a cop is simultaneously a vicarious encounter with the history of all blacks' encounters with police in America. We can think of this in two ways. Either Bell is a victim of a generational change, caught in the grip of involuntary memory, or he is simply vigilant. When reading whites' intentions, blacks may bet optimistically or pessimistically. How can they know what whites really think about them? They do not have access to what whites say backstage; they can only infer it from their own experience, from what they read and hear. But they do not read the evidence like innocents. They read it in the light of history. And that history itself must be read in the light of an inhospitable present. Given the attacks on black interests that have characterized the Reagan years, given the Bork nomination and Meese's Justice Department and Howard Beach, why should we consider blacks who are disinclined to bet "optimistically" as paranoid, or too sensitive?

BELL CANNOT escape this wakefulness to implication, this racial self-consciousness, even in his daily round of life as a Harvard law professor. Or perhaps especially at Harvard Law School. For blacks, Geneva and the professor agree, teaching in a white law school offers "the perfect environment in which to develop paranoia." One experiences guilt, the "condescension thinly veiled as collegiality," the sense of not being taken seriously. Perhaps, Geneva muses at one point, she was suckered by her own naïveté. "I had come to feel a part of the school." But the rejection of the seventh affirmative action candidate in "The Chronicle of the DeVine Gift" revealed "what the school really thought about its minority faculty members."

Bell's discomfort as he straddles worlds is palpable throughout his book. He finds solace in his camaraderie with black people, but even that union is ambiguous. When Bell shifts to a down-home idiom, to signal his allegiance, he sometimes sounds stilted. Even in his intimate moments of communion with black people, Bell is denied the luxury of undivided awareness. He is speaking to a white audience as a man on the margins, explaining blacks to whites, providing a performance of black life for them, wanting to shake whites and bring them up short with evidence of their own hypocrisy and Bell's disappointment in them.

These ambiguities of intimate estrangement and intimate belonging, to and from race, to and from profession, return us to the larger matter of the relation of blacks to the nation. The two domains of elusive membership are tied together. Bell feels acutely apart from the scholarly community in discussions of the bicentennial. At a faculty meeting, the professor suggests the law school commemorate the Constitution with a conference on race and the Constitution; his colleagues kill the idea with indifference and irritation; they want more "patriotic" proposals. When he was younger, "I would have reacted dramatically, filling the room with angry accusations and then departing in a rage." The most routine acts of daily life are thus shot through with world historical significance. Bell's gravity interrupts the flow of easy collegiality. Along with Bell, one can almost hear his colleagues saying, "Not this again! Lighten up!"

This is the meaning of Bell's "problem" with the bicentennial: belonging in other domains notwithstanding, many blacks are members of a distinct interpretive community that shapes the way they understand the meaning of the American experience. As a result, their brand of patriotism must be distinct too. That is why many blacks cannot celebrate America's history wholeheartedly: that would be a kind of forgetting. Bell's blurring of history, however unsatisfactory as social analysis, may serve the larger moral purpose of honoring history in another sense—not history as a whole, but the special history of blacks. The refusal to concede progress is a way of recalling all those who haven't progressed. In this sense, *And We Are Not Saved* is a pledge to remember.

JONATHAN RIEDER

Jonathan Rieder, associate professor of sociology at Yale University, is the author of *Canarsie: The Jews and Italians of Brooklyn Against Liberalism* (Harvard University Press).

FOOLS ON THE HILL

A House of Ill Repute
edited by Dan Renberg

(printed by Princeton University Press, 125 pp., $4.95)

Representative Newt Gingrich was nine years old the last time his party elected a Speaker of the House. Two years later, in 1955, the Democrats regained the majority. The Democrats have controlled the House of Representatives ever since, and they won't be losing it anytime soon. This is the cruel reality that an ambitious House Republican confronts every morning when he gets out of bed.

Gingrich and his fellow members of the Conservative Opportunity Society (COS), a group of young Republican representatives, are aching to run the country. In 1980 they saw their hero, Ronald Reagan, win an electoral mandate to assault the liberal Washington establishment. They desperately wanted to join the battle. But the Reagan revolution was destined to pass them by: as members of the minority party in the House, they were powerless to pass laws.

Instead, they had to settle for media notoriety. Occasionally the COS has played gadfly to the Republican mainstream on modish issues; in recent years Gingrich has voiced strong opposition to apartheid in South Africa and complained that "too many conservatives shrug off the danger of nuclear war." But more often COS members have engaged in noisy partisan attacks against the Democratic majority, and the "left wing" that hatched it. The best-known of these was a series of floor speeches in 1984 accusing the Democrats of appeasement in Nicaragua. The speeches were given during afternoon "special orders" sessions, when everyone else had left—a fact that wasn't apparent to television viewers watching on C-SPAN. In retaliation, Speaker Tip O'Neill ordered that the cameras pan the empty seats. The image of a solitary legislator haranguing an empty chamber became a symbol of the COS's irrelevance.

This year the special orders boys have

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kept a low profile while the Senate went Democratic, Reagan's power ebbed, and the presidential hopes of the COS's new standard-bearer, Jack Kemp, grew dim. But nobody expected them to remain in hiding forever. Now they have collaborated on a book about the dread Democratic majority's institutional abuses, titled *A House of Ill Repute*. The whorehouse crack is a desperate attempt to spice up a tract that isn't likely to have wide appeal. (If Congress is a whorehouse, what does that make them?) In fact, you might call the book the publishing equivalent of a special orders speech. You can't buy it except in a few Washington bookstores; the authors had copies printed up by Princeton University Press to be given away to journalists, politicians, and constituents. And mimicking Tip O'Neill's ruthless cameramen, the publisher is quick to explain to inquiring reporters that this is a vanity-press book, not an item on their fall list.

A HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE lacks the sweep of Gingrich's previous book, *Window of Opportunity*, a future-oriented conservative manifesto. In *Window of Opportunity*, Gingrich celebrated the high-tech future and pledged to bring traditional Republican values into the 21st century. (My favorite example was his breathless report that within 20 years it will be possible to purchase a computer-generated analysis of your golf swing.) The new book takes a different tack, focusing more narrowly on procedural reform in the House of Representatives. Why so parochial? In part, because the Republicans have been eager to knife the Democratic leadership ever since they lost a battle to seat a Republican two years ago in a contested Indiana election. This anthology, shepherded by Representative Joseph DioGuardia—the editor, Dan Renberg, is his former aide—grew out of the dispute. But there's a deeper reason COS members want to attack their institution: they are desperate to explain why the electorate has not swept House Republicans into power along with Ronald Reagan. Their answer is that the system is rigged against them.

This complaint should not be dismissed out of hand. In many ways, the system really is rigged against Republicans. Consider the proliferation of subcommittees. Representative Donald Lukens points out that since 1965, the number of House subcommittees has increased by 21 percent, from 125 to 151. This left more than half the House Democrats with committee chairmanships during the last Congress. Reform-minded observers tend to agree that the results have been chaotic: jurisdictions get tangled up, slowing the legislative process and increasing the likelihood that important bills will get weighted down with pork. But the proliferation of committee chairmanships also helps Democratic incumbents fend off Republican challengers with the boast that they wield power on Capitol Hill. So subcommittees are likely to keep on proliferating.

In some ways, the system is rigged against Republicans in spite of Democratic efforts to even things up. One of the more unlikely causes taken up in *A House of Ill Repute* is the traditionally Democratic issue of election reform. Representative Barbara Vucanovich actually suggests limiting campaign expenditures. It's surprising that a partisan Republican would endorse this idea. For one thing, the National Republican Congressional Campaign Committee has raised more than twice as much money as its Democratic counterpart during the first half of this year. For another, Republicans are currently blocking campaign finance reform in the Senate. But Republican House members have their reasons for favoring election reform: political action committee money favors incumbents, and in the House that tends to mean Democrats. What's more, Republican representatives differ from their colleagues in the Senate in having to submit to expensive elections every two years. The annoyance adds up.

CORRUPTION IS a major theme of *A House of Ill Repute*. Representative Robert Walker shows how the Congressional Record is routinely doctored by members in a way that distorts subsequent interpretation of legislative intent. Representative Robert Smith demonstrates the timidity of the House Ethics Committee in investigating blatant cases of wrongdoing (and even violations of the law) by representatives. It's true that the House is lax in enforcing moral standards, and even that the Democratic leaders are partly to blame for setting the wrong tone. In his otherwise sweet-tempered memoir, *Man of the House*, Tip O'Neill puts down one colleague as "the only congressman I've ever known who actually wanted to be on the Ethics Committee." (What a loser.) More recent questions raised in the press about Speaker Jim Wright's personal finances suggest that, at the very least, Wright is reluctant to forgo personal gain for the sake of ethical appearances. None of this, however, says much about why Democrats stay in power, and there's no reason to think that a Republican majority would behave more responsibly.

Much of *A House of Ill Repute* is, shall we say, tendentious. Gingrich lambasts Democrats as "spendaholics" for refusing to economize on congressional mailings, eliminate the Library of Congress's translation of *Playboy* into braille, and other assorted trivialities. These are amusing enough, but the real reason the federal budget is out of control is that both Democrats and Republicans are reluctant to take on the defense budget and popular middle-class entitlements such as Social Security. DioGuardia accurately points out that there is too much overlap and duplication in federal accounting practices. But his solution is to add a hodgepodge of new federal offices and councils that would likely make matters worse. Representative Vin Weber complains that Tip O'Neill held up a vote on the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill because he feared that Ronald Reagan would veto it to curry favor from Hispanics, and because the California delegation was nervous about an upcoming primary. But that's just politics. And for all Weber's whining, the bill did eventually pass.

Why do these Republicans complain so much? The answer is, they don't control the House. But that is not the result of a conspiracy. Democrats may exploit their numerical advantage, but the Republicans' real problem is more elementary: they keep losing House elections. The same electorate that voted for Ronald Reagan to give them one kind of government never stopped voting for Democratic representatives to give them another kind. Perhaps the only logical solution to this contradiction would be to bring parliamentary government to America. But these Republicans are mistaken if they think a stacked deck has kept them out of power these past 32 years. Their enemy isn't the Democrats. It's the American voter.

TIMOTHY NOAH

Timothy Noah is a congressional correspondent for *Newsweek*.

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TRB, *from page 4*

brands of belt-tightening, Kennedy has been the rare public figure calling for policies of growth rather than austerity.

For obvious reasons of kinship, Kennedy is forever associated with another era (and a noble one). As such, he is an easy stereotype, but as a senator he has long been doing just what liberals ought to be doing in times like these—holding fast to values, and unsentimentally reconsidering means. I take real exception to the cheap caricature of Kennedy, and I'm offended not just as a liberal but as a reporter. The picture is simply not factual. The projection that "Kennedy has the gift of making people wish the poor he appears to champion would get lost" tells rather more about writer than subject. Senator Kennedy deserves better, and so do the readers of this journal.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

moter of *Mein Kampf*, escape similar description? Mr. Joll's concluding sentences serve admirably to mirror our reasons for publishing Goebbels's novel: "Reading *Michael* is not a particularly enjoyable task. But it reminds us that, despite thousands of books on the subject, many of the fundamental questions about the origins of Nazism are still unanswered."

ADAM PARFEY
KEN SWEZEY
Amok Press
New York, New York

WAR POWERS TRIGGER

To the editors:

If Congress is going to implant some teeth in the War Powers Act ("Ballots and Bloodshed," TRB, October 19), the "imminent hostilities" trigger for starting the 60-day clock must be replaced by an operational alternative that is not subject to presidential interpretation. Perhaps the clock could be triggered by any one of an array of events, including congressional vote, the introduction of combat pay (as currently in the Gulf), or an attack resulting in the death of American troops. It is customarily difficult for bills containing operational terms to gain sufficient bipartisan support to secure passage, but without these terms legislation such as the War Powers Act remains without force.

WILLIAM E. COOPER
Iowa City, Iowa

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Lowdown

WHEN I WAS YOUNG and taking up the pen, nothing gave me a more easy confidence, a more glib sensation of power, than an attack. It was part of my New York patrimony: aggression as an intellectual instrument. A distinguished alibi was often found for the aggression, say, Eliot's pronouncement about "the correction of opinion." It gave me a vaguely heroic feeling to be told, in my early 20s, that that was what *I* could accomplish. "The lowdown" was the genre I was encouraged to emulate. That way was glory; you were praised for not praising. I recall, for example, an editor at one of the New York intellectuals' organs (editing organs: now there's the life of the mind!) dropping into my lap, into the lap of the little Matthew Arnold from Manhattan Beach, poems by Anne Sexton and poems by Adrienne Rich, and telling me to "go and write about the one who killed herself and the one who should." Though both those poets mean nothing to me, I recall my laughter with disgust.

OF COURSE I was not only being launched, I was being used. The eagerness and the energy of a young writer are the perfect tools of an editor's designs. It isn't hard to persuade somebody who knows very little that he knows very much, if he is wanting in experience. The intoxication is worth the sobriety. In recent years I have read with melancholy the writings of a young critic, a woman who obviously knows more about language than about life, whose particular skill seems to be to scold the survivors of Hitler's and Stalin's hells, and to "correct" their work. (A few years at a fine university and what does Primo Levi know?) It took me years to grasp that you need more than books to write books, and to write about them. In my dumb time I wrote well, and wounded writers I have since come to respect. Part of the problem was the New York intellectuals' furious faith in the primacy of criticism. Among other things, that is bad pedagogy. If you must write criticism, don't write it first, and don't write it only. "Opinion" is an overrated thing.

IN MY OWN DEFENSE, again, I was young. What is Hilton Kramer's excuse? He continues to stun, this Cardinal Ratzinger of the intellectuals. His bitterness is bottomless. He has forgotten, if he ever knew it, the difference between an inquiry and an inquisition. In the name of freedom he defends orthodoxy. (In Kramer's view, American culture is locked in a life-and-death struggle between modernism and Moby Grape.) Like many New York intellectuals, he cannot separate ideas from the people who hold them. "Judicial criticism," to use Rene Wellek's description of Edmund Wilson, is what Kramer practices, but he is a hanging judge. And his presumption knows no limit. In an arch aping of Eliot's prose at its worst, he will pronounce upon the lives of people—not the works, the lives—as if the human heart were a volume under review. The intellectual as truant, was Phillip Rahv's crack about the New Yorkers. Kramer represents a refinement: the intellectual as truant officer.

IN RECENT YEARS Kramer has enforced his discipline especially cravenly. For example, in "Anti-Communism and the Sontag Circle," the circle turned out to be a son; and the sin of the son (to wit, that his opposition to communism was not *exactly* Kramer's) was visited upon the head of the mother. Then came "The Lowdown on Richard Gilman," in which the all-knowing critic instructed a Jew who converted to Catholicism in 1953 that he was really acting on nothing more than the "intellectual fashion" of the time, as if there is no difference in a man's life between a reading of an Anchor paperback and a trip to the font. Now Kramer has inflicted his impertinence upon the dearest friend of my bosom. Referring to Kathleen Tynan's new book, he writes that "sooner or later in reading this dolorous chronicle of Kenneth Tynan's life one cannot help wondering if there is not a large element of sexual revenge at the very heart of the book Mrs. Tynan has given us." Really? On the basis of what knowledge of "Mrs. Tynan" must "one" wonder? Why revenge, and not courage, or sadness, or truth? How quickly the criticism of ideas passes into the criticism of motives—but that was always the black art of New York. Kramer concedes that it is "a wicked thought." But it is a typical thought, too. Sooner or later in reading the dolorous chronicle of Hilton Kramer's criticism one cannot help wondering if there is not a large element of unhappiness at the very heart of what he has given us. It is wicked thought. But he is not "serious." He is merely inconsolable.

MEANWHILE, the other war. Two of Edward Said's recent writings have crossed my desk. The first is an article that appeared in April in *al-Majalla*, an Arab publication in London. (Or rather, a translation of an article; my Arabic, like Said's Hebrew, is weak.) It is called "Why Do Some Arab-Americans Work for the Good of Zionism?" These are allies of whom I was not aware, so I read on. Of course I came upon the name of Fouad Ajami. I was a little surprised to learn that my Shia friend had "dissociated himself from the Arabs, and from the thing he calls Arab culture, which is really no more than a caricature he has invented for the sake of American and Zionist propaganda." But this followed: "This man lives in America, and in the pages of journals very hostile to the Arabs like THE NEW REPUBLIC, attacks his people. . . ."

THE ARAB on Morningside Drive attacks the Arab on Riverside Drive for living in America: another fine parody of Zionism. Then I read Said's introduction to *Blaming the Victims*, a forthcoming anthology of what can be politely called Palestinian revisionist scholarship. Denouncing liberal Zionists such as Michael Walzer, Said writes: "Thus you could be against preventive detention, collective punishment, colonialism, preemptive war, racist immigration laws, oppressive rental and housing laws everywhere in the world, but be for them in Israel. All this was justified as intimacy and solidarity with one's community." I was not aware that Walzer was for all these things in Israel. I'll call him. But Said is the hypocrite. His communitarianism is a little supple. Ajami is an Arab who must not criticize Arabs. Walzer is a Jew who must criticize Jews. On our side, it is treason. On their side, it is dissent. These are the intellectual foundations for the mugging of moderates, as happened at Bir Zeit University a few weeks ago.

L. W.

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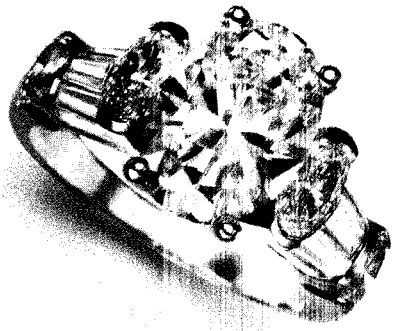

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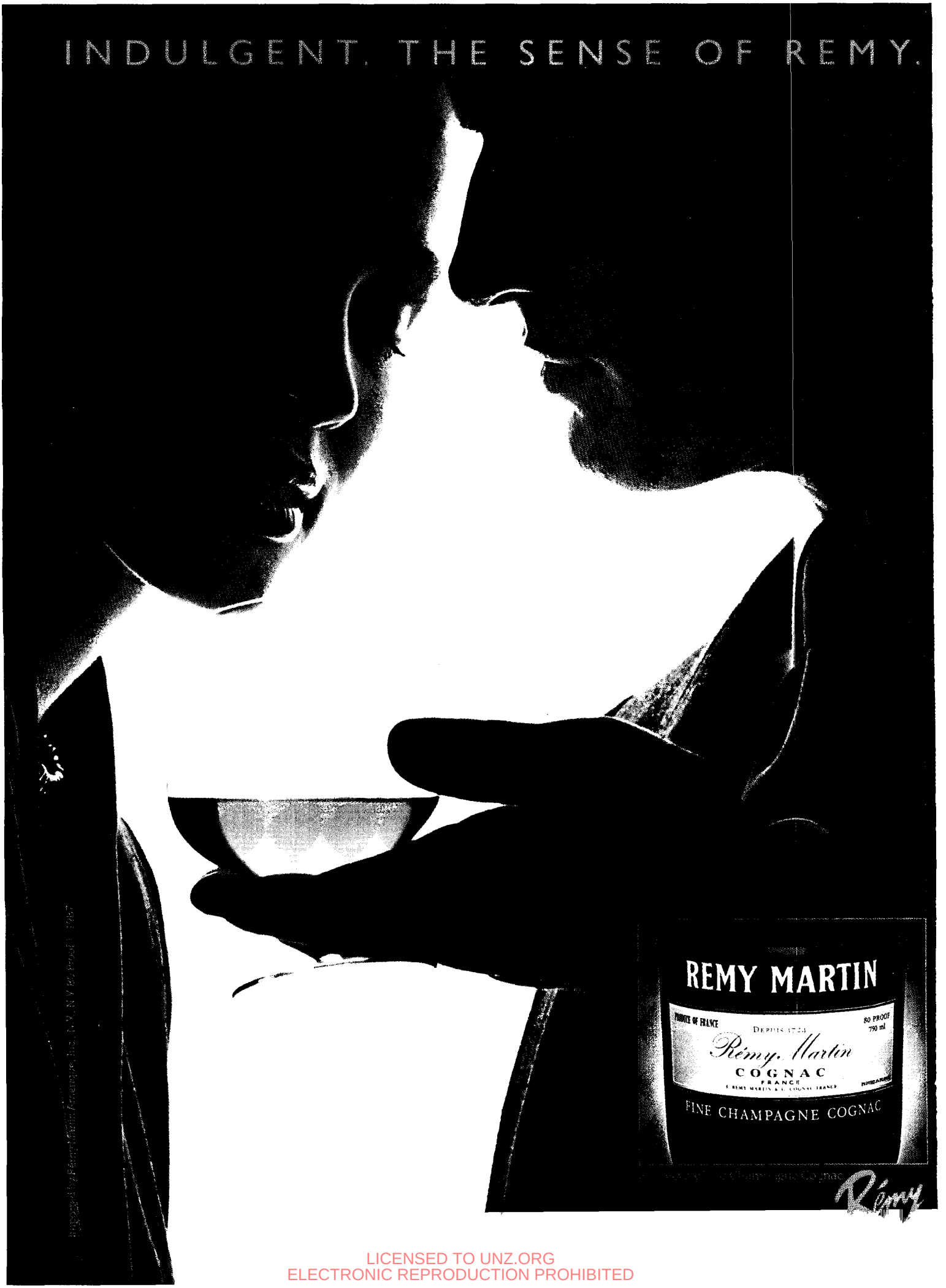

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